

THIRTY CENTS

JULY 26, 1963

THE GREAT FEATHERBEDDING FIGHT

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



FIREMEN'S
H. E. GILBERT

VOL. 82 NO. 4

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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LETTERS

Hotelman Hilton

Sir: The TIME cover article [July 19] on Conrad Hilton almost catches the multiple paradox of a financial wizard who thinks and acts like a poet. To many of us who have come to know and love Mr. Hilton, his "vanity" is the terrifying simplicity of the eternal boy who never loses the simple sense of wonder in the appreciation of small things. I met him as a generous benefactor. I have come to respect him as a truly great man whose optimistic faith and courage in the face of harsh realities turn such realities into success stories for protective top aides and doubting boards and trusting friends.

SISTER M. JACQUELINE, S.L.
Vice President

Webster College
Webster Groves, Mo.

Sir: Mr. Hilton naive? Like an old coon dog. Free ice water? Yes. Cubes? They'll cost you. Will the Conrad Hilton cash a check if you have an \$8-per-year Carte Blanche card? Yes, for 10¢ per. What hasn't he thought of? Pay toilets in the guest rooms.

Do I stop at Hilton hotels? Every chance I get. Do I like Connie? Yes. Why? I admire his guts.

DAVID C. BRAIN

Lawrence, Kans.

Sir: Your cover story of Conrad Hilton contains a factual inaccuracy that could confuse future guests of the new New York Hilton and cause ill will for the old man. The New York Hilton does not provide "free parking to compete with the motels." Our bill at this hotel for six nights (June 29-July 4) contains a fat garage fee of \$28.25 for auto storage. This is almost \$5 a day for the car alone.

HOWARD G. WILCOX

Chicago

► The New York Hilton erred in informing TIME that parking was free. In fact, the maximum garage rate for 24 hours' storage is \$4.75.—Ed.

Sir: Enjoyed your cover story of Conrad Hilton and his growing empire!

Word has got around that he has purchased the Leaning Tower of Pisa and renamed it "the Tiltin' Hilton."

MRS. R. G. PIRSON

North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Just Progress

Sir: Have you heard of Knoxville, Tennessee's method of integration?

Our mayor, John Duncan, appointed a group of business leaders. Their assignment: to come up with a plan for orderly desegregation. They met with Negro leaders and worked out the program.

Circulate petitions. In a few weeks there were thousands of signatures, including nearly all the faculty and administration of the University of Tennessee, the top leaders of the TVA and of Knoxville business.

With that backing it couldn't fail. Fifty theaters, restaurants and hotels agreed to join our march toward making Knoxville a completely "open" city.

No fuss. No muss. Just progress.
PROFESSOR ALBERT RAPP
University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: It's an excellent report on Emory University [July 19], but I wish you had given credit for integration to the board's chairman, Henry L. Bowden, who just received the sixth Alexander Meiklejohn Award from the American Association of University Professors for his contribution to academic freedom.

SANFORD S. ATWOOD
President-elect

Emory University
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir: I'd appreciate its being made clear that it is the song (*Mine Eyes Have Seen the Coming of the N.A.A.C.P.*) and not the singer that is "on the other side of the fence" [July 19]. I am an ardent integrationist and card-carrying Unitarian, as well as a folksinger and New Frontier Democrat. If word got around that I was, as you termed it, "bitterly resigned" (to integration), I might well not be invited to another hootenanny in Dallas.

HERMES NYE

Dallas

Commercials for God

Sir: As I am a Presbyterian, my heart nearly burst with pride at the actions of the Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, but it almost stopped beating entirely when I learned that the United Presbyterian Church hierarchy is actually buying "spiritual ads."

Likening a spiritual experience to the "better than Brand X" gobbledygook of Madison Avenue [July 12] is positively revolting, and the result will prove acutely embarrassing.

MARLENE PHILLIPS

Sheridan, Wyo.

Dangerous Dieffenbachia

Sir: I feel that the July 19 article on toxic plants and spices would have been transformed from a mere feature article to a genuine public service if you had included a picture of the common house plant, Dieffenbachia, to warn other unsuspecting victims of its potential danger.

JERRY L. AVORN

Belle Harbor, N.Y.



► Fair warning.—Ed.

A Millennium of Monasticism

Sir: It was with great pleasure indeed that I read [July 5] the very fine article about Mount Athos and Orthodoxy.

The article is an excellent piece that summarizes in a masterly way the history of the holy mountain and the role that it played and still plays in Orthodoxy.

As to the photographs, they are simply masterpieces that reflect the glory and grandeur of the Byzantine Empire, this bastion of Christianity that for centuries stood as a protecting guard.

ANG. VLACHOS

Under Secretary of State
to the Prime Minister's Office

Athens

Sir: Your statement that most of the 1,500,000 Greek Orthodox who lived in Turkey before 1922 were killed or exiled by Dictator Kemal Ataturk is not only misleading but is stated in insulting terms. The proper name is Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, who was the legitimate and recognized President of Turkey during his lifetime.

As to the expulsion of the Greeks, let us not forget that in 1919 Greek troops occupied Izmir and its environs in spite of specific Allied guarantees that this would not happen. When exhausted, prostrate Turkey began to rally around Ataturk's nationalist banner, the guerrilla war against the Greeks developed into a full-scale war. The Greek armies were stopped only 70 miles from Ankara and decisively defeated in the battle of Inonu by the premier Premier of Turkey (who took his name from there).

After the defeat of the Greek army, Ataturk arranged the now famous population transfer by way of which the Greeks

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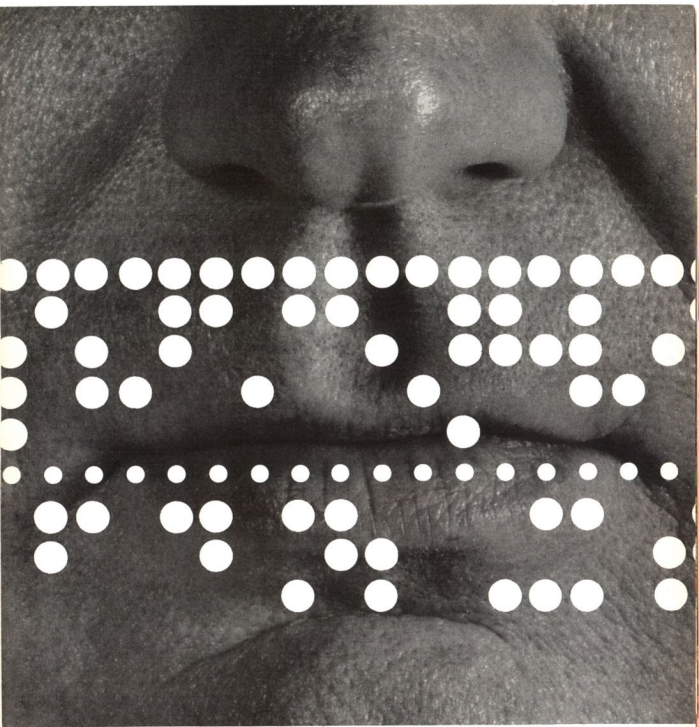
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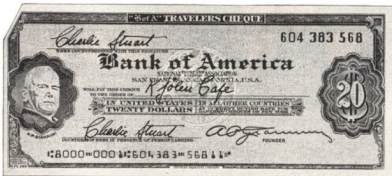
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in Turkey (except for Istanbul) were deported to Greece and the much smaller number of Turks in Greece deported to Turkey. The loss of skilled craftsmen, merchants and farmers hurt Turkey's economy. Though relations on a people-to-people basis are still far from cordial, Ataturk's seemingly harsh decision has enabled Turkey and Greece to work closely together within NATO.

CHAPLAIN GILBERT KOLLIN
National Jewish Welfare Board
Ankara

Floating Process

Sir:

In your story [July 12] on increasing productivity in American industry, you refer to a major innovation at Pittsburgh Plate Glass in setting up a "float process" that will "double productive capacity by adding only 100 men to its current work force of 700."

This "float process" is the invention of Pilkington Bros. Ltd., at St. Helens, Lancashire, England, and they have licensed the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company to use it.

COMMANDER EDWARD WHITEHEAD
President

Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd.
New York City

The Lollipop Crowd

Sir:

As mother of three children I am well aware of the children's market [June 13].

Advertising and display methods have turned shopping trips into shopping trials—a decision at every turn of the aisle.

This type of promotion is an unhealthy play on parent-child emotions. It is also an invasion of parental disciplinary rights, with the advertisement or display almost assuring the child of the item.

(MRS.) JOYCE W. SEWARD
Southampton, Bermuda

Sir:

On a recent shopping trip, my two-year-old daughter Robin would not leave the supermarket until I had bought her Soaky. When we got home, my wife informed me that Robin had two full boxes of Matey (a competitor's product).

Madison Avenue certainly has its work cut out with such poor consumer loyalty.

THEODORE LIFTMAN
Canton, Mass.

Sir:

Believe me, if you say no long enough to those little ones, they really stop asking. Just try it—your children will be better off.

(MRS.) ENID TRAUT
London, Ont.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 24

Reckoning (CBS, 10-11 p.m.)* Drama set in the Air Force survival school in the Nevada desert, with Dane Clark.

Thursday, July 25

The Lively Ones (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Premiere of a summer musical show with Vic Damone as host. Among his first guests are Joanie Sommers, Count Basie and Benny Goodman.

The World of Sophia Loren (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Tony Perkins, Anatole Litvak, and Vittorio De Sica are among the on-camera commentators in this nicely assembled film biography. Repeat.

Friday, July 26

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Oscar Levant, the Smothers Brothers, Comedian Jackie Mason. Repeat.

Sunday, July 28

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The early life of the late U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld. Repeat.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A gasty semi-documentary about a fictional Hurricane Hannah, which flattens much of Florida and Texas. Repeat.

Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8:30-10:30 p.m.). John Wayne and William Holden in *The Horse Soldiers* (Civil War story).

ABC News Close-up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). When the United Mine Workers threatened to close four of six union hospitals in eastern Kentucky, violence resulted in the coal fields. This program records it. Repeat.

Monday, July 29

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *Prince Valiant* (1954), with Janet Leigh, Robert Wagner, Debra Paget, Sterling Hayden, Victor McLaglen, Brian Aherne, plus James Mason as the Black Knight.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). The first half treats the skill of getting off to a good start in a speech; the second has a quick look at the dictatorship in Paraguay.

Tuesday, July 30

Focus on America (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A visit to the rehabilitation center for narcotics addicts at Westport, Conn.

CINEMA

The Great Escape. Seventy-six Allied officers accomplish the impossible: a mass breakout from the Nazis' top-security prison camp. The plans and preparation are shown in almost hypnotic detail, and once the escape is under way, the suspense tightens like pincers. Steve McQueen, James Garner, Donald Pleasence, Richard Attenborough head an excellent all-male cast in one of the season's most exciting pictures.

This Sporting Life. Hurling Richard Harris is a professional rugby player who hits the big time in England but is no hero to his love-starved mistress. A jigsaw puzzle of flashbacks and confused motivation, *This Sporting Life* was better as a novel.

* All times E.D.T.

Coll Me Bwana. Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg and Edie Adams on a spy chase through darkest Congo. Hope springs eternal, but Ekberg is a couple of jumps ahead of him.

My Name Is Ivan. This extraordinary Russian film glows with human understanding as it explores the relationship between Ivan, a twelve-year-old spy behind the Nazi lines, and the Russian army officers who are at once his idols, his masters and his equals.

Murder at the Gallop. Margaret Rutherford plays the indomitable Miss Marple again in a hilarious Agatha Christie story that gives her full opportunity to display her basset-like qualities in tracking down a murderer.

8½. A surface look at Federico Fellini's newest film reveals an autobiographical plot about a movie director (Marcello Mastroianni) who cannot seem to get started on a new picture; but there is much more to be seen in this monumentally abstract, overwhelmingly pictorial cinematic psychoanalysis.

PT 109. Cliff Robertson, as Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy, eschews the J.F.K. mannerisms of speech and gesture, but nothing else has been left out of this reverently made grade-B picture about the President's wartime exploits.

RECORDS

Charles Ives: Washington's Birthday and Three Outdoor Scenes (William Strickland conducting the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra and the Imperial Philharmonic of Tokyo; Composers Recordings). The four previously unrecorded pieces by Ives run from a delightfully winterstruck evocation of all outdoors to the musical equivalent of pop art—an aural collage of clipped folk tunes and imitative sounds. On the other side, the music of Composer William Flanagan gives a chaste and lovely setting to an early poem that Edward Albee now likes to forget he ever wrote.

Beethoven: Christ on the Mount of Olives (Jan Peerce, Maria Stader and Otto Wiener, soloists; the Vienna Academy Chorus and State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hermann Scherchen; Westminster). Put a few dozen voices anywhere under a choral director and they're apt to belt out the rousing final chorus of this oratorio; but its starkly eloquent arias are seldom heard. Singing Beethoven's Jesus, Tenor Peerce builds to a marvelous anguish, which unfortunately tends to increase when he is coping with high notes.

Prokofiev: Concerto No. 4 for Piano (Left Hand) and Orchestra (Rudolf Serkin; Columbia). This controversial concerto was written in 1931 for Paul Wittgenstein, the one-armed pianist, but languished unheard for 25 years. "Aggressively modern," snorted Wittgenstein, refusing to play it. His was a harsh verdict, judging by Serkin's performance.

Schumann: Carnaval (Artur Schnabel; RCA Victor). Some of Schumann sounds like the fourth draft of a suicide note from a heartsick spinster. But here is an unrepentant celebration of life, in which Rubinstein's firm hand keeps Schumann's *Gemütlichkeit* infectious rather than cloying.

Stockhausen's *Gesang der Jünglinge* (West German Radio-Cologne Electronic Studios; Deutsche Grammophon) comes



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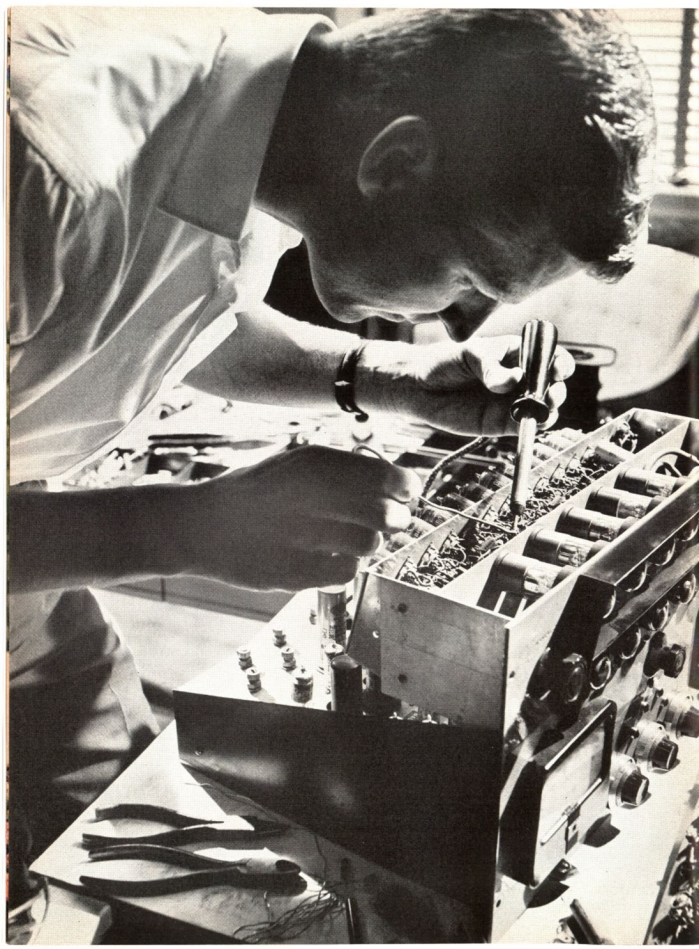
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By 1957, he moved his jungle of wires and machinery to a small factory. But Larry P. needed working capital to expand production. That's when he visited The First National Bank of Chicago.

Here Larry P. found bankers who were no strangers to his problems. Because our Division K officers specialize in loans to manufacturers of scientific instruments, they quickly recognized the lifesaving potential and marketability of his

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on like the launching of a thousand space-ships and fades out like a souped-up sound track for Hitchcock's *The Birds*; it happens to be the most communicative example of electronic music yet recorded. Midst a welter of high-decibel cacophony, the voice of a boy soprano speaks of God.

BOOKS Best Reading

Spectacular Rogue: Gaston B. Means, by Edwin P. Hoyt. He could have lived in splendor on the take from just one of his spectacular swindles, but for Means the joy of a lie was in living it, so he conned the rich (mostly women) the slow, dramatic way.

Fly and the Fly-Bottle, by Ved Mehta. A report from the high ivory tower occupied by Oxbridge philosophers and historians. The thin air is filled out by the author's gossip pater and sure sense of extravagant anecdote about eccentric dons.

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews. Armed with the latest recording paraphernalia and intellectual questions, the editors have again set down the words of important writers (Katherine Anne Porter, T. S. Eliot, Lawrence Durrell, Marianne Moore). Shy subjects seem remote, but garrulous ones talk magnificently and at length.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. The prolific author's archetypal story—of a woman, her husband and her lover. This time it is set on the campus of a small college, and O'Hara snipes at the much-satirized world of academe.

Harry the Rat with Women, by Jules Feiffer. Seeking love and finding oneself is a contradiction in terms, says Cartoonist Feiffer, so his mirror-magnetized hero is ruined by the love of a good woman.

The Contrary Experience, by Herbert Read. Born in time to be chased through the entire 20th century, Sir Herbert has been a fine soldier, successful bureaucrat, acclaimed critic, and in this memoir he comments on his complex life as one of the "alienated souls" who seek values without the support of religion.

Best Sellers FICTION

1. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (1, last week)
2. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (2)
3. The Glass-Blowers, Du Maurier (3)
4. City of Night, Rechy (6)
5. Grandmother and the Priests, Caldwell (5)
6. Raise High the Roof Beam, Salinger (4)
7. Seven Days in May, Knebel and Bailey (7)
8. The Bedford Incident, Rascovich (9)
9. The Sand Pebbles, McKenna (8)
10. Stacy Tower, Walter (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (2)
2. The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper (1)
3. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (5)
4. The Day They Shook the Plum Tree, Lewis (3)
5. Terrible Swift Sword, Catton (6)
6. Travels with Charley, Steinbeck (4)
7. Portrait of Myself, Bourke-White (7)
8. The Feminine Mystique, Friedan
9. The Great Hunger, Woodham-Smith (10)
10. The Living Sea, Cousteau (9)

WHAT ARE HORSES DOING IN DETROIT?

They're on their way to a fire of course, the way they often were until Detroit assembly lines drove them off to dude ranches and movie studios. The automotive industry has raised Detroit to America's fourth largest manufacturing city, a city which now supports one of the nation's finest symphony orchestras and one of its fastest-growing universities.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

NEWS is often thought to be bad news—and the badder the bigger. Certainly, any well-balanced diet of weekly news will have much to tell of diseases, controversies, unrest, agonies public and private. This week's cover story, for example, examines the long railroad featherbedding fight as it reached beyond its last mile. But much of the other big news these days deserves to be judged by some other standard than its gloom content. Will there be a nuclear test ban? How will the Sino-Soviet split affect the U.S.? These questions—like those about civil rights or the balance of payments—have their worrisome edges, but they also involve men earnestly trying to cope with unnering problems, and sometimes scoring a success or two. As all of this suggests, it may not be the moment to whistle *Happy Days Are Here Again*, but the news isn't all a dirge either.

Particularly when, along with all the solemn subjects, our reporting examines the impact of summer in gentler fields. In this issue we take up what art is being celebrated (two color pages of a big Delacroix show at the Louvre); where people go (a Modern Living story on Americans trying to live it up in Europe on \$5 a day) and what they hear (four color pages and a comprehensive story in Music about

summer music festivals around the U.S.). All news, and no disaster.

WHEN an Indian artist, full of patriotic feelings after China's attack on India, decided to help raise money for his country's National Defense Fund, he thought of painting a picture of Nehru. And to enhance its value, he resolved to paint it in his own blood.

Hiro Hingorani, who lives in Nehru's home town of Allahabad, sifted through hundreds of pictures of his hero, finally drew his inspiration from Boris Chaliapin's TIME cover (Dec. 14, 1959). Having first sketched an outline, Hingorani pricked a finger of his left hand and dipped his brush. After drawing out 30 cc. of his own blood, he decided that this method was too slow, went to his local blood bank, which obligingly drew off another 20 cc. of his blood. It was enough to finish the job, though he decided not to sap his strength further by adding Chaliapin's background dragon. He sent the painting to Nehru, and last week it was auctioned off along with other objects contributed from all over India. Hingorani's blood offering fetched the day's top price of \$273.21, outdrawing such items as an elaborately embroidered Kashmir shawl, a sewing machine, a homemade brass flashlight.

CHALIAPIN COVER

PORTRAIT IN BLOOD

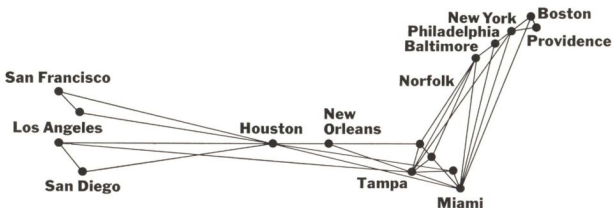


INDEX

| | | | |
|-------------------|----|---------------------------|----|
| Cover Story... | 13 | Color: Music Festivals... | 34 |
| Art..... | 50 | Modern Living..... | 59 |
| Books..... | 83 | Science..... | 40 |
| Cinema..... | 80 | Show Business..... | 47 |
| The Hemisphere 20 | | Sport..... | 62 |
| Letters..... | 2 | Time Listings..... | 7 |
| Medicine..... | 64 | U.S. Business..... | 71 |
| Milestones..... | 67 | The World..... | 22 |
| | | World Business..... | 76 |

Geography Quiz:

How many of these cities are seaports?



All of them.
These are 13 of the nation's leading seaports.
Atlantic, Gulf, Pacific.
Only one airline serves all of them.
National Airlines.
We planned it that way.

**Is this any way to run an airline?
You bet it is.**

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 26, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 4

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Of Hope & Skepticism

Prudent minds have as a natural gift one safeguard which is the common possession of all, and this applies especially to the dealings of democracies with dictatorships. What is this safeguard? Skepticism. This you must preserve, this you must retain.

—Demosthenes

Eight years ago, there was "the spirit of Geneva." Four years ago, it was "the spirit of Camp David." Last week, as if some quadrennial cold war cycle were reasserting itself, the air hummed once again with talk of a hopeful new turn in East-West relations. As U.S., British and Soviet negotiators met in Moscow to discuss a limited nuclear test ban, one diplomat observed: "Even the pessimists are optimistic."

Beyond Moscow. The optimism was nourished by a dazzling display of Soviet amiability (see *THE WORLD*). Even so seasoned a veteran of diplomatic dealings with the Russians as the U.S.'s Special Envoy W. Averell Harriman was impressed with the signs of thaw. And Harriman, having served as ambassador to Stalin's Russia from 1943 to 1946 and on missions to Moscow on other occasions, surely knows well the wisdom of Demosthenes' counsel.

Because the conclusion of even a partial nuclear test ban is regarded as the necessary first step toward an East-West *détente*, the air of confidence prompted statesmen on both sides of the Iron Curtain to begin looking beyond the Moscow talks toward other negotiable issues. In Washington, President Kennedy told his news conference it was "clear that these negotiations, if successful, should lead on to wider discussions among other nations." But the President seemed in no hurry to rush into a top-level meeting with Khrushchev. "There is no evidence," he said, "that a summit is indicated or needed."

Past cold war "thaws" have proved to be only interludes between freeze-ups. But this time some Western diplomats thought they detected the promise of a thaw deeper and more durable than its predecessors—largely because Khrushchev now has compelling reasons to work toward a long-term easing of tensions. Foremost among them is his bitter doctrinal struggle with Red China. The gravity of that dispute was

dramatically underscored by the contrasting cordiality of the East-West talks and the glum hostility that shrouded the Sino-Soviet parleys in Moscow. Also prodding Khrushchev to produce a test ban treaty is the deep Russian fear of a nuclear-armed West Germany.

Before the Senate. If a test ban agreement emerges from the Moscow meetings, it will raise complicated problems for the U.S. A final test ban pact

CIVIL RIGHTS

With George & Sam on Capitol Hill

Southerners kept up their hearing-room attacks on the Administration's civil rights proposals last week, firing away from both sides of the committee table.

Before the Senate Commerce Committee appeared Alabama's Governor George Wallace, known to the U.S. as



NEGOTIATORS HARRIMAN & KHRUSHCHEV
Even the pessimists were optimistic.

would take the form of a treaty, which would require a two-thirds approval by the Senate—and a test ban would certainly encounter some resistance there. Among the NATO allies, Germany undoubtedly would have deep doubts and reservations, and Charles de Gaulle would almost certainly act as if a U.S.-British-Russian ban were a scrap of paper.

At week's end it seemed increasingly likely that a test ban agreement would be reached in Moscow. Even so, in the larger picture of East-West relations—considering the deep, deadly philosophical differences between democracy and Communism—a test ban would be a far from conclusive step. It was still wise to remember Demosthenes' advice about the importance of skepticism.

the man who made a wilted and unsuccessful stand against segregation last month by placing himself in a doorway at the University of Alabama. In his testimony Wallace followed the line that Mississippi's Governor Ross Barnett had taken before the committee a week earlier: the integration movement is part of a Communist conspiracy to destroy the U.S.

"Is the real purpose to disarm this country as the Communists have planned?" Wallace cried. "As a loyal American and as a loyal Southern Governor who has never belonged to or associated with any subversive element, I resent the fawning and pawing over such people as Martin Luther King and his pro-Communist friends and associates." As a parting whack, Wallace ac-

cused the U.S. Air Force of "encouraging its personnel to engage in street demonstrations with rioting mobs." Perhaps, he added, "we will now see Purple Hearts awarded for street brawling."¹⁰

One-Man Filibuster. A far more formidable Administration opponent than Wallace was North Carolina's able Democratic Senator Sam Ervin Jr., a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. A graduate of Harvard Law School and a onetime associate justice of North Carolina's Supreme Court, witty, folksy Senator Ervin is a respected constitutional lawyer. Using his wit, his folksiness, and his knowledge of law, he put on a sort of one-man filibuster in the Judiciary Committee hearing room.

When Attorney General Robert F.

Rights Division of the Justice Department to aggravate, and now they want a mediation service to conciliate."

Background of Violence. At last Ervin sat back to give Bobby Kennedy his turn. As he had done in his testimony before the Commerce Committee, the Attorney General argued the urgency of civil rights legislation against the background of continuing civil rights demonstrations that often lead to violent clashes. "Even as we sit here today," he said, "National Guardsmen patrol the streets of Cambridge, Md., to prevent violence. Unrest is boiling in Savannah, Ga., in Danville, Va., and in countless other cities in the North as well as the South."

When Bobby finished, Ervin took over

ing to be here until Christmas Eve or thereabouts, we can go about this matter with a certain amount of calmness and slowness"—he paused an instant for effect—"and deliberate speed."

Heavy Traffic on a Two-Way Street

Gravely concerned about spreading racial violence, President Kennedy last week used his press conference to issue counsel to both sides in the struggle.

To Negroes: "I'm concerned about these demonstrations. I think they go beyond information, beyond protest, and they get into a very bad situation where you get violence, and I think the cause of advancing equal opportunities



GOVERNOR WALLACE



ATTORNEY GENERAL KENNEDY

Purple Hearts? Or injustices to remedy?

Kennedy arrived to testify, Ervin announced that he had a few words to say first. It would take a little while, Sam warned. "I'd have to talk very rapidly to finish it in an hour." With that, Bobby amiably picked up his briefcase and departed.

Not for just an hour, however. It took two days of committee sessions for Ervin to speak his piece. Before a standing-room-only crowd, Ervin launched into a section-by-section attack on the whole civil rights package, which he called "as drastic and indefensible a proposal as has ever been submitted to this Congress." He even opposed the idea of setting up a federal mediation service to adjudicate racial disputes. "We've got the Civil Rights Commission to agitate and the Civil

like a law professor tutoring a student:

Ervin: Mr. Attorney General, would you summarize in a brief way why the founding fathers decided to have a written Constitution in the U.S. rather than an unwritten Constitution as in England?

Kennedy: They wanted to assure that individual citizens would know what their rights and responsibilities would be, and also their relationship with their Government.

Ervin: Aren't you asking us to approve these bills because we're having troubled times and demonstrations?

Kennedy: That's not correct, Senator.

Ervin: Would you deny that the demonstrations influenced your decision to offer this legislation?

Kennedy: No, but the reason we need the legislation is not because of the demonstrations but because injustices exist that need remedying.

There were not enough hours for Ervin to complete his joust with Bobby. This week they will meet again across the committee table. For how long? Well, smiled Ervin, "it depends on his answers to some of my questions. I haven't got started yet. I've just got through the preamble. Since we're go-

only loses. So I have warned against demonstrations which could lead to bloodshed, and I warn now against them."

To Whites: "I would hope that, along with a cessation of the kinds of demonstrations that would lead to rioting, the people would also do something about the grievances. You just can't tell people, 'Don't protest'—but on the other hand, 'We're not going to let you come into a store or restaurant.' It seems to me it's a two-way street . . . the way you make the problem go away, in my opinion, is to provide for redress of grievances."

To thousands of school-board presidents throughout the country, the President sent letters asking "your help in solving the grave civil rights problems faced by this nation." Kennedy's letters urged the use of biracial committees to work out local problems, with an emphasis on stemming the school drop-out rate, which affects the employment prospects of both white and Negro youngsters. "It is of particular significance," wrote the President, "because of a lack of job opportunities for inadequately trained youth and the explosive situation in many of our great cities."

¹⁰ Wallace was only partly right. The Air Force had permitted its men to participate in racial demonstrations if they did so while in civilian clothes and off duty. But as a result of Wallace's complaint, Defense Secretary McNamara quickly issued an order, which, in addition to reiterating the civilian-clothes and off-duty rules, forbade participation if such activities amount to a breach of law and order, or when "violence is reasonably likely to result."

LABOR

Beyond the Last Mile

(See Cover)

Lumbering along a street in Washington, an old railroad fireman named H. E. Gilbert recalled his private meeting with the President of the U.S. earlier that day. Gilbert turned to his companion. "You know," he said, "today's events make me prouder than ever that I'm an American. Where else in the world could an old country boy like me say no to the President and then walk out of his office?"

That no, uttered two weeks ago, resounded across the nation. By turning down the presidential proposal to have U.S. Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg act as arbitrator in the railroad labor dispute, Ed Gilbert, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the four union leaders who joined him, brought the old struggle to its last mile. And in uttering his predictable no, Gilbert demonstrated the fact that no man better represents the issues in the great featherbedding fight.

Old Iron Jaw. Members of his union call Gilbert "Old Iron Jaw," and the nickname fits his character as well as his physiognomy. For more than four years, he has kept on saying no. He says it quietly, often with a mild smile, but the answer nevertheless has an oak-iron firmness about it.

Fireman Gilbert's character and personal style are marvelously well suited to his role as a rearguard battler, a stayer-off of the future. He is, says an official of Gilbert's union, "old-fashioned, unsophisticated and basic." He does not smoke or drink, and rarely swears. He once joined a country club but soon quit because he disapproved of the drinking the other members did. His recreations center on his home in

a suburb of Cleveland: broiling steaks in the yard, playing pingpong, showing home movies. He and his wife sometimes have guests for square dancing in the basement. On his \$29,300-a-year salary, he allows himself one uncharacteristic extravagance: a coral-colored Cadillac. It is really not an extravagance, he says. He has to travel a lot in the course of his presidential duties, and he says he can get around much more readily in his car than by public transportation. And in a big car "you don't get so jostled and tired as you would in a small car."

One Fare Short. Gilbert was born in 1906 on a little farm near Ethel, Mo., and even the town fits the pattern—its population was close to 300 then, is now about 250. When he was eight he started working on his father's horse-drawn delivery wagon. After he finished high school in 1925, he got a job with an Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe signal gang, working along the tracks from Missouri to Chicago. Earning \$22.56 a week, pretty good money in the mid-1920s, he married his longtime sweetheart. Bent on settling in Chicago, he went on to the big city alone because he did not have enough money for her fare. As soon as he could get a railroad pass, he brought his bride to Chicago.

For nine years Gilbert worked as a fireman on the Alton Railroad. In those days railroad firemen worked hard. In heat so intense that it once made his nose bleed, Gilbert sometimes shoveled as much as 20 tons of coal in the course of a 16-hour day. He signed up as a member of Chicago Lodge 707 of the Brotherhood (he still retains his membership in that local), but he never in his years as a working fireman took part in any railroad strike.

While Gilbert was shoveling coal in the mid-1920s, U.S. railroads began introducing the first diesel locomotives. Powered by an internal combustion engine, the diesels needed no firebox, no pile of coal—and no fireman. The diesels came onto U.S. railway tracks very gradually, and as late as 1937 fewer than 1% of the nation's locomotives were diesels. In that year the Brotherhood of Firemen foresightedly negotiated a contract with major railroads calling for two-man train crews. Fire or no fire, there was to be a fireman aboard.

Ed Gilbert himself never featherbedded aboard a diesel. Before the Alton line switched from steam locomotives, Gilbert laid down his shovel and moved into a new career as a fulltime union official. Elected president of Lodge 707 in 1931, he moved on to the Brotherhood's headquarters in Cleveland in 1942 as a clerk, promptly started a climb up the ladder of union bureaucracy by wrestling with a 90-day crash course in shorthand so that he could become a stenographer (he still uses shorthand to take voluminous verbatim notes at meetings). Blessed with an adhesive memory for names and faces, he first-



RAILROADERS GILBERT & DAVIDSON
The country boy said no.

named countless delegates at Brotherhood conventions over the years, and in 1953 he first-named his way into the presidency of the Brotherhood.

Spirit of '73. As president of the Firemen, Gilbert has been simply a preserver of past union gains. In a speech to a Brotherhood convention two weeks ago, he characteristically called upon the members to confront the crisis of '63 with the "spirit of '73." He meant not 1973 but 1873.

That was the year the Brotherhood was founded. An Erie Railroad fireman was killed in a train wreck, and a railroading friend named Joshua Leach set about taking up a collection for the widow and the children. Leach was so distressed about the plight of the widow, left without funds, that he decided to form a firemen's life insurance association. The eleven original members called themselves Deer Park Lodge No. 1, took oaths and made up secret passwords. From that small beginning grew the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen (enginemen is an old-fashioned word for fireman).

In 1877, members of the young union took part in the U.S.'s first nationwide strike, which erupted when depression-hit railroads imposed wage cuts. Railroad workers struck in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Reading, Louisville, Chicago. Strikers destroyed locomotives, fought with antistrike citizens, finally gave up after battling state and federal troops. Chastened by bloodshed and defeat, the Firemen two years later adopted a resolution declaring that the union would "ignore strikes and here-



"AT THE MUSEUM OF TRANSPORT"

after settle our grievances with our employers by arbitration."

Chuca Choo, Chuca Choo. Several other railroad unions had the same kind of origin as the Firemen. Working on the railroad was a hazardous way of making a living in the 19th century. Many a fireman was scarred by a boiler explosion, many a yardman was mashed between cars. So often did brakemen fall from atop moving cars that one in three would be injured or killed in the course of a year. Understandably, insurance companies were reluctant to insure railroaders. In the railroad workers' need for insurance the first rail unions had their beginnings, as fraternal insurance societies. The unions still show traces of their small-scale, fraternal antecedents. There are 21 major rail unions today, and some of them still like to think of themselves as "brotherhoods" and "orders" rather than ordinary labor unions.

The long history of railroading in the U.S. has seen only one even partly successful attempt to gather all railroad workers into a single industrial union. That was the American Railway Union, founded in 1893 by fiery Socialist Eugene Debs. The A.R.U. rapidly became the biggest union in railroading, with 150,000 members. It was a boisterous, confident organization, and at meetings members liked to sing a rousing fight song that began

*The union train is coming fast,
Chuca choo, chuca choo,
and ended*

*Our engineer is E. V. Debs,
On him there are no spider webs,
And no one now the fact denies
That on our union are no flies.*

But there was trouble around the bend. On May 11, 1894, Debs called out the workers in Chicago's Pullman shops, and the result was one of the bloodiest strikes in U.S. history. The A.R.U. was among its many casualties.

Since then, railroad labor has remained fragmented (see box), despite occasional merger talks between various rail unions in recent years. The older railroad unions long steered clear of the main line of U.S. unionism. Of the five "operating" rail unions, only three have joined the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and two of those did not enter the federation until recent years.

Creeping Obsolescence. Both the Brotherhood and the railroads reached their peak in the decade before 1920. Since then the companies have been afflicted with competition from trucking, and the rail unions with creeping obsolescence. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen had 126,000 members in 1920, has only 78,000 today, and if it were not for "work rules" that the railroads want to get rid of, the union's membership would be much smaller.

The railroads, acting jointly, have announced their intention of revising the work rules and the wage-base formula that the unions won over the course of generations. The old rules and formulas, largely antiquated by technological changes, hinder them with additional and unnecessary costs of \$600 million a year, the railroads claim. Under the work rules that foster featherbedding, many thousands of railroad workers do little or no necessary work.

While the railroads were prospering, management put up with the extra costs

imposed by work rules. But by 1956, beset by shrinking profits, the railroads told the unions that the time had come to start revising the rules. After strenuous negotiations, the two sides agreed to shelve the issue for three years. When the three years expired in 1959, the railroads set out to alter the work rules. Featherbedding, said Daniel P. Loomis, president of the Association of American Railroads, is "a handmaiden of the ruinous inflationary spiral. For the good of all America, something drastic must be done about this destructive growth. And 1959 is the year of decision."

"Harsh, inhumane." Of course it was not the year of decision. That was still four years away.

Negotiations began in November 1959, bogged down in a year of bickering and mutual charges of failure to bargain in good faith. Toward the end of 1960, both parties asked President Eisenhower to appoint a commission to study the dispute. Ike created the Rifkind Commission, headed by onetime Federal Judge Simon Rifkind. After 14 months of hearings and on-the-rails investigations, the commission issued a report recommending extensive revisions in work rules and wage-base formulas.

Management accepted the Rifkind report; the unions rejected it. Ed Gilbert called it "harsh, inhumane and retrogressive." From April to July 1962, the two parties banged heads through 32 bargaining sessions, a dozen of them under the auspices of the National Mediation Board. When the railroads announced that they would proceed to put the Rifkind recommendations into effect, the unions brought suit in Federal District Court in Chicago. The judge refused a permanent injunction against the rules changes, but the union carried its case to the Federal Court of Appeals and then on to the Supreme Court. Last March the court handed down a unanimous opinion rejecting the union claim that new work rules would violate the Railway Labor Act.

After that decision, the railroads set an April deadline date for putting the new rules into effect. To head off a strike, President Kennedy set up an emergency board, headed by ex-Judge Samuel Rosenman, an old New Dealer. The Rosenman panel in effect backed the Rifkind recommendations. Again the railroads generally endorsed the panel's findings, and again the unions rejected them.

Two weeks ago, with a strike threatened on July 11, President Kennedy won another delay, this one for 19 days, by persuading the management negotiators to postpone the implementation of the rules revisions while a new six-man presidential panel put out another report. Last week the panel submitted a factual, 15-page review of the issues in the dispute, offered no recommendations for settlement.

The Missing Cushions. Ironically, in view of all the struggling the unions did during those four years, the rules revisions scheduled to go into effect next



STEAM LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN (CIRCA 1915)
Learning to shovel 20 tons in 16 hours.

week are much tougher than the railroads themselves feel they need to be. Rifkind's report recommended that the release of unneeded workers be cushioned with long advance notices and generous severance payments, plus retraining, with the railroads paying 75% of the cost. In accepting the Rifkind report, the railroads agreed to supply all the recommended cushions. But the long battle in the federal courts was fought over management's original 1959 proposals, which lack most of the cushions. Having won the court battle, management decided that to switch to the Rifkind recommendations would give the unions an opportunity to challenge them and begin a new round of delays in the courts.

The rules revisions scheduled to go into effect would: 1) get rid of the firemen on diesel locomotives; 2) alter the antiquated wage-base formula; 3) give management virtually unlimited right to introduce technological changes; 4) wipe out the distinction between the work performed by road crews and yard crews, thus permitting interchange of labor without duplication of effort; 5) allow management to stipulate the number of men needed on train crews. By far the most important of these management goals are the first two: the wage base and the firemen.

Wages & Work. The old-fashioned wage-base formula was set up in 1919, while the Government was running the railroads. Based on average train speeds a lot slower than today's, the formula essentially established 100 miles of travel as the basis for a full day's pay. The railroads want to change that base to 160 miles a day, say the change would save them \$128 million a year. When Judge Rifkind finished studying the thicket of existing wage practices, he cracked: "Whoever invented that system belongs to the Rube Goldberg Club." Items:

- An engineer and a fireman traveled the 430-mile round trip from Breckenridge, Minn., to St. Paul, working a total of 9 hr. 20 min.; yet each got 4.3 days' pay—\$88.84 for the engineer, \$77.45 for the fireman.
- A passenger-train engineer making the 225-mile run between Washington and New York in four hours was in the terminal three more hours, collected more than \$48—or 2½ days' pay.
- Six two-man engine crews were required to make the 1,044-mile streamliner run from Richmond to Miami. Between them, the crews collected a total of 20.9 days' pay for an 18-hr. 40-min. trip.
- A yard crew came on duty in Baker, Ore., two hours early to unload cattle for an hour and a half. They then worked their regular shift, getting off an hour early, then came back for another three hours. The gang put in 1½ hours of actual work; yet each man collected 32 hours' pay. To compound the complexity, a yard crew in La Grande, Ore., claimed that they should have been



STRIKE OF BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROADMEN, 1877
Chastened by bloodshed and defeat.

called in to Baker for the extra work. On that basis, each man from La Grande succeeded in collecting three days' pay—figured on the distance he would have traveled to Baker (one day's pay) if he had gone, the day's work he would have done if he had been there, and the distance (one day's pay) he would have traveled home if he had gone to work in Baker.

Yet unions defend the pay-rules system on the ground that it is good for the railroads. Says G. E. Leighty, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives Association and a member of the presidential panel that reported this week: "The truth is that the railroads, since they pay their train-service employees no Sunday or holiday pay, night differentials, away-from-home expenses or other premium payments . . . actually save under present work rules among their operating workers."

Firemen & Featherbeds. The railroads want to revoke their 1937 concession to the Firemen's Brotherhood and get rid of the firemen on diesels in freight and yard service. These firemen do no necessary work, the railroads say. Firemen would continue to ride in the cabs of passenger trains to serve as safety lookouts. Some diesel engineers frankly agree that firemen are dispensable. "I don't really need him," says an Ohio engineer, "but he's handy to have around. He gets four hours' sleep and I get four hours' sleep." Another diesel engineer tells of a fireman who always brought bedroom slippers to work. "I didn't mind that so much, but it got to be too much when he brought blankets one night, then complained he couldn't sleep because I had the lights on in the cab."

Fireman Gilbert can intone plenty of arguments against removing firemen from diesel locomotives—he has had a lot of practice at that. "Practical railroaders," he says, "rate the locomotive fireman as the most valuable safety

factor available to the industry. His presence has meant the difference between disaster and saving lives and property on many occasions."

But Gilbert has a farther-reaching argument in favor of continuing his fight to keep the firemen on the diesels: "We can never forget that we are representing human beings, and that management is representing money. There is a big difference. You can always mint more money. But you can't mint new lives."

Painful Alternatives. President Kennedy has no direct power to halt a railroad strike. He has exhausted all the procedures of delay provided by the Railway Labor Act. The Taft-Hartley Act, with its provision for an 80-day injunction against a strike, does not apply to the railroads. The President cannot ask the companies to delay once again the effective date of the work-rules revisions, because last time he promised the railroad representatives that he would not in any event ask for any more delays.

Aside from the unlikely possibility of persuading the unions to accept the management plan or enter into serious negotiations toward a compromise settlement, the President had only two courses open to him, and both would require congressional approval: seizure of the railroads or compulsory arbitration, requiring both sides to accept the verdict of Government-appointed arbitrators.

Both courses were exceedingly unattractive to Kennedy, as they would be to any President. Seizure would inflict an injustice upon the companies, which had gone along with virtually every Government verdict, recommendation and request put forward during the four years of the dispute. Furthermore, seizure would not really resolve the dispute: either the U.S. Government would have to impose the new rules while operating the railroads or the issues would

drag on unresolved. Compulsory arbitration would settle the dispute all right—almost certainly resulting in an affirmation of management's right to impose its planned revisions—but would anger organized labor, a prospect that few politicians can regard without anxiety.

Congress desperately, prayerfully hoped to avoid both alternatives. Last week Congress was in a state of dismay about the threat of a strike. Many a Congressman feared that a recorded vote on a compulsory-arbitration bill might cost him his seat, whether he voted for it and outraged the unions or voted against it and outraged the public. "I just pray it won't come up here," fretted a Democratic Congressman. "I don't want to touch this thing with a ten-foot pole."

Loyalty, Loyalty, Loyalty. But the hopes and fears of Congress, like those of the President and the public, could not exorcise the threat of a rail strike. The companies were determined, after many delays, to put revised work rules into effect. Ed Gilbert was determined to fight, and if necessary, to strike. He held that the members of his union expected him to postpone defeat as long as he could. Says an official of the union: "What the Brotherhood requires of its president, and what it gets from Ed Gilbert, is loyalty above all, Loyalty, loyalty, loyalty. And that means he doesn't sell us out." In Gilbert's session at the White House, President Kennedy argued that he had already gone "beyond the last mile" with the Brotherhood. But Gilbert wanted to go a few miles more.



RIFKIND COMMISSION'S RIFKIND
Progress is not to be resisted.

Sooner or later, however, Gilbert is going to lose his battle. A total rail strike would hit the economy of the nation and the lives of its citizens with a devastating wallop. On the first day, roads leading into big cities would be clogged with monumental traffic jams as millions of suburban rail commuters tried to get to work in automobiles. After ten days, serious food shortages would show up in metropolitan areas, and not long afterward many factories, including all major automobile plants, would shut down for lack of materials. Within a month, many millions of breadwinners all over the U.S. would be laid

off, most defense production would cease, and the nation's stricken economy would be sinking into paralysis. President Kennedy has said that a nationwide railroad strike would be "intolerable," and few of his fellow citizens who do not belong to railroad unions would be likely to disagree with him.

FOREIGN TRADE

The 66 Shiploads

Headline writers, inevitably, called it THE GREAT GRAIN ROBBERY. It was "really big stuff," said Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen. The G.O.P. Senate Policy Committee demanded a special Senate investigation, and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield agreed that the demand deserved "speedy consideration."

Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams started these rumblings last week by revealing that 24 million bushels of surplus U.S. livestock feed grains had somehow gone astray. The grain was supposed to have been shipped to Austria between 1959 and 1962 in a complex intergovernmental barter deal, but Administration officials admitted that international grain dealers had apparently reaped lush profits by illegally diverting most of the stuff to West Germany and selling it there.

Apparently a well-coordinated ring of German, Austrian, and possibly Swiss and American grain dealers arranged to have the shipments moved from such ports as Hamburg and Bremen directly into West Germany and other European markets, where grain brings premium prices. It was months later that a U.S. embassy official in Vienna compared

THE OTHER FOUR

IN their struggle to fend off work-rule changes, the five railroad operating unions have formed a united front, but they have nonetheless fully retained their separate identities. Of the five, the Firemen's Brotherhood is most centrally involved. The other four:

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (55,000 members). Oldest of the operating unions, organized in Detroit in 1863, it was originally named the Brotherhood of the Footboard—a footboard being the catwalk on the front end of a locomotive. Head of the engineers is Grand Chief Engineer Roy Davidson, 62, a coal miner's son who started out as a fireman on a steam locomotive at 16. Along with engineers, the union's membership includes hostlers, the men who take over the locomotives once they enter railyards and shunt them off for maintenance operations or refueling.

Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen (20,000). Named the Conductors' Brotherhood at its founding in 1868, the union added Brakemen to its handle only a decade ago. The current president is Louis J. Wagner, 66, who got started in railroading in his teens as a station agent's helper. In addition to taking tickets, conductors act as train bosses while the train is on the road. They are supposed to see that other crewmen are on the job, and that the train moves smoothly enough to avoid discomfort to passengers or damage to freight. Brakemen used to be train-top daredevils who leaped from car to car, setting hand brakes at each stop. Automatic braking equipment

has made the job a lot safer, but it has also made brakemen semi-obsolete. They now serve as lookouts at front and rear when the train is stopped, also see to it that track switches are properly set when, for example, a train moves from a main line to a siding.

Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (190,000). Biggest by far of the operating unions, it was founded as the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen in 1883 by eight railroaders meeting in an Albany & Susquehanna caboose at Oneonta, N.Y. Brotherhood President Charles Luna, 56, began his rail career as a construction helper on the Santa Fe in Texas. The word "trainmen" does not apply to a particular job; it is a generic term that covers both conductors and brakemen. In general, the members of Luna's union tend to be men with less seniority than the members of the older, more exclusive Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen.

Switchmen's Union of North America (18,000). Boss of the Switchmen's Union, founded in 1906, is Neil P. Speirs, 50, a business administration major at the University of Idaho who left a white-collar job to become a switchman during the Great Depression because the pay was better. Switchmen are essentially brakemen who work in railyards rather than on the road, taking over from road crews as the trains pull into the yards. In recent decades, automatic switching controls have taken over much of the switchmen's former work, so that, like firemen and brakemen, they are afflicted with obsolescence.

shipping records and realized that while 40 million bushels of feed had left U.S. ports, only 16 million had ever reached Austria. Six Austrian grain importers were arrested and released on bail ranging up to \$200,000, one of the highest figures in the country's history, for "mislabeling." Since the U.S. Government demands cash or letters of credit in advance from U.S. exporters involved in grain barter deals, the U.S. stands to incur no direct losses.

Trade experts pointed out that U.S. Agriculture Department officials should have realized sooner that Austria (pop. 7,000,000) could not possibly absorb 40 million bushels of feed grains in four years. "You could feed all the chickens and pigs in Austria 24 hours a day," snickered one expert, "and it would still be piled so high you wouldn't be able to drive through the streets of Vienna." U.S. officials, moreover, must have been monumentally careless to let 24 million bushels of grain get lost. That comes to 665,000 tons, or roughly 66 shiploads.

Either somebody in the U.S. was acting dishonestly, muttered Senator Williams, or "there's something radically wrong with the laws," and he may well be right about that. The Agriculture Department's regulations governing international barter transactions are so loose that they invite dishonesty. According to one observer, "anybody would have to be nuts to be honest in this business."

Since the U.S. has negotiated similar barter deals involving \$1.6 billion worth of agricultural commodities over the past 13 years, it was a pretty safe bet that U.S. agricultural attaches in many a foreign capital were hurriedly digging into the records to see who else has not been nuts.

THE PRESIDENCY

Back on the Course

Ever since May 1961, when he aggravated his old back ailment while lifting a spadeful of soil at a tree-planting ceremony in Canada, John F. Kennedy has stayed off the golf course. So it came as a surprise when, early this month, newsmen spotted the President swinging vigorously away on the course at Hyannis Port.

The President's return to the game prompted a question at his press conference last week. "I wonder," asked a reporter, "if you could tell us how you feel and how you enjoyed returning to what has been reported one of your favorite sports?" The rambling and somewhat cryptic reply: "I like it. I was—didn't think I was going to play golf again until my trip—I don't want to get into a discussion of back difficulties—but my trip to Europe, I think, helped—getting out of that office did something. So I enjoy it."

To help his ailing back, Kennedy has for two years been doing special calisthenics under the guidance of Dr. Hans Kraus, a Vienna-trained New York physician who thinks that much back



GOLFER KENNEDY
He likes it.

trouble is related to muscular weakness.* On his recent trip to Europe, Kennedy noted how greatly his back had improved in the course of those two years. He endured the jostling and the strenuous pace without noticing any pains, and upon his return he exultantly told friends that his back was no longer troubling him. With Dr. Kraus's O.K., he decided to take up golf again. Last week at Hyannis Port, he got out on the course again and swung away.

After the President returned to Washington, his back got a severe test right on the White House lawn. He made a little speech to 2,500 foreign high school students, in the U.S. under an exchange program, and then made the mistake of approaching the rope barriers that held back the kids. Suddenly the screeching mob surged past the ropes and swarmed upon him. Rescued by policemen and Secret Service agents after a riotous struggle, the President retreated to his office shorn of at least two possessions, a handkerchief and a tie clasp. But next day the two Indonesian students who had grabbed the souvenirs did their part for U.S.-Indonesian relations by returning their loot to the President.

* The President has been under the care of a new personal physician for more than a year. He is Rear Admiral George G. Burkley, 60, who took over the job from Dr. Janet G. Travell of rocking chair fame. First official notice of Burkley's new title as White House Physician came last week with the publication of the latest edition of the U.S. Government Organization Manual. Dr. Travell, whose name appeared in the manual last year, is not listed this time, but still remains on the White House payroll as consultant.

DEFENSE

Join the Army And Feel Elite

Plenty of gloom is evident in the Pentagon these days. Air Force officers grumble bitterly about Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's decision to cancel the Skybolt missile and his refusal to request more than minimal funds for development of the RS-70 bomber. Navy men are aghast at McNamara's doubts about the utility of aircraft carriers. But the unhappiness of the Air Force and Navy contrasts strikingly with the contented smiles of the Pentagon's Army men. The U.S. Army is exceedingly pleased with Secretary McNamara. Bubbled an Army general last week: "It is wonderful to have this feeling, this elite feeling, this needed and wanted feeling."

Sounding the Trumpet. Three years ago, that "needed and wanted feeling" was painfully absent. Prevailing U.S. military doctrine relied mainly upon the threat of nuclear retaliation to deter not only big wars but also little wars. Lacking strategic nuclear punch, the Army was assigned only a relatively minor role in U.S. defense planning. After Korea the Army gradually dwindled to 14 under-strength divisions. Renowned Army Generals Matthew Ridgway, James Gavin and Maxwell D. Taylor resigned in protest against the down-rating of the Army. In his clamorous book *The Uncertain Trumpet*, Taylor attacked what he considered excessive reliance on nuclear retaliation.

Within a few months after taking office as President, John F. Kennedy confronted the crisis that climaxed with the building of the Berlin Wall. When he ordered military readiness to demonstrate his determination to Khrushchev, the President was shocked to find that the Army was in a lower state than he had supposed. The Army repeatedly had to borrow equipment from one unit to fit out another. Reserve units called to duty found they had no weapons. Kennedy decided to get started on building up the Army: he called General Taylor from retirement, made him a military troubleshooter and later Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Since that troubled spring of 1961, a shift in official defense doctrine has taken place in Washington. Pentagon planning now puts relatively more emphasis than it did a few years ago on "graduated" or "flexible" responses. The nuclear striking power of strategic bomber and missile forces remains the nation's ultimate defense, but defense policy no longer envisions that those forces would be used to counter limited aggression. This flexible-response doctrine, as General Taylor labeled it, stirred misgivings among some Air Force and civilian strategists. They argued that it might encourage Communists to risk limited aggression, might even weaken the effectiveness of nuclear striking power as a deterrent against a major Communist thrust. The debate

has since quieted down, but last week, in a speech in Seattle, Washington's Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson showed that misgivings still linger. He "strongly supported the strengthening of our conventional forces," said Jackson, but the U.S. must not forget that its safety and that of the free world ultimately depend upon nuclear weapons and the nation's "will" to use them if necessary. "What defends Berlin?" Jackson asked.

The New Road. For the Army, the change in defense doctrine has meant more men and new weapons. Army manpower has increased to 960,000, from 870,000 in 1960. The Army now has 16 divisions, all of them said to be "combat-ready." Three of five regular Army divisions stationed in Europe have been mechanized with M-113 armored personnel carriers. The Strategic Army Corps (STRAC), the mobile striking force stationed in the U.S. for rapid deployment anywhere on the globe, has been expanded from three divisions to eight. Equipment for two full STRAC divisions has been stockpiled in Europe to lighten the load of troops speeding from the U.S. in the event of crisis. The Special Forces, the Army's guerrilla fighters in green berets, have more than tripled in the past two years, to more than 7,000 men.

In the remodeling of the Army, the older five-group divisions, judged too rigid in organization and too light in firepower, are being replaced by what the jargon calls Reorganization Objective Army Divisions. ROAD divisions are organized on various patterns, depending on the job the unit is expected to do. To assure that the Army is ready to fight when called upon, the Pentagon is adopting a system of assigning each outfit to one of five "readiness" categories. With their units labeled for all to note, commanders will be under steady pressure to upgrade readiness.

Into the Air. For the future the Army is looking to the air. Army plans call for acquiring 1,600 new airplanes in the current fiscal year. Each ROAD division has 97 helicopters and six fixed-wing airplanes, double the number of aircraft in the old five-group division. At Fort Benning, Ga., the Army is training the first elements of its newly created 11th Air Assault Division with its own transport planes, armed helicopters and observation planes.

The Army's take-off into the air pains Air Force men. They complain that the Army is trying to steal the Air Force's mission of tactical air support. General Earle G. Wheeler, Army Chief of Staff, argues that the Army is merely trying to use "an air vehicle to move people and things and act as a weapons platform in the combat area." Growled an Air Force general: "Hogwash! They're talking about aircraft that try to do the same thing as we do."

The Army buildup has cost a lot of money. For the current fiscal year the Army has confidently asked for \$3.3 billion for new equipment alone, more

than three times what the Army was getting for equipment pre-McNamara. Total Army expenditures have swelled from \$9.4 billion in 1960 to an estimated \$12 billion in the last fiscal year. McNamara and his men consider the money well spent.

THE CONGRESS

The Swamp Fox

World War I was raging in Europe, the Panama Canal had been open only a few months, and John F. Kennedy was not yet born, when a countryish, 30-year-old Georgia lawyer named Carl Vinson was sworn in as a member of



GEORGIA'S VINSON (1914)
"Thank you. Next witness!"

the U.S. House of Representatives. The date was Nov. 3, 1914. All of the other men who were members that day have since departed from the House, but Vinson remains. On his pinnacle of seniority, he is, at 79, a wielder of vast power and influence, one of the most formidable old lions in Congress.

From the start, Congressman Vinson was keenly interested in national defense. His first speech in the House (in 1916) was a call for greater military preparedness, and he still fondly regards that as one of the best speeches he ever made. He early asked for and got a seat on the old Naval Affairs Committee, and in 1931 the workings of seniority made him chairman. When the House military committees were united in 1947, Vinson became chairman of the new Armed Services Committee, the Representative with the most to say about national defense. His interest in the military brought him one of his several congressional nicknames: as a friend of the Navy he was early dubbed "the Admiral." For his skill in cloak-room maneuver, he won the admiring

handle "the Georgia Swamp Fox," after the Revolutionary War hero Francis Marion, who harried the British as a guerrilla leader in the Carolinas.

Vinson is an autocratic chairman, can feel a tiresome or haughty witness with a single saber slash ("What did you say your name was, General?"). Once when a witness started off by saying he had nothing to add to previous testimony, Vinson cut him off with a curt "Thank you. Next witness!" To friends who ask him why he is not Secretary of Defense, his stock reply is: "I'd rather run the Pentagon from up here."

One day last week Congressmen, generals and admirals trooped to pay tribute to the Swamp Fox. Speeches lauding him resounded in the House. Thousands of congratulatory telegrams tormented into his office. Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay came by to present him with an inscribed silver and wood plaque. The Navy held a reception for him, complete with a Marine parade. Occasion: he had reached a durability mark of 48 years, 8 months and 13 days as a member of the House, one day more than Texas' late Speaker Sam Rayburn. Vinson thereby attained a towering new distinction that grows with each day: he has served in the House of Representatives longer than any other Congressman in the nation's history.

THE BUDGET

Well, It's Not as Bad as They Said They Expected

After the Weather Bureau predicts a seven-day heat wave, a revised forecast that the torrid spell will last only six days seems good news of a sort. In that not-as-bad-as-we-expected sense, President Kennedy had some good budget news to announce last week. Only "a few hours ago," he told reporters at his press conference, the Treasury sent him word that the budget deficit for fiscal 1963 (which ended June 30) was only \$6.2 billion. That is another hefty deficit to run up in peacetime, but, as Kennedy pointed out with pride, it was \$2.6 billion less than the \$8.8 billion deficit the Administration predicted last January. He did not mention that back in January 1962 he had predicted a \$500 million surplus for fiscal 1963.

The shrinkage of the 1963 deficit from \$8.8 billion to \$6.2 billion, Kennedy said, resulted largely from "the recent improvement in business conditions," which brought additional tax revenues into the Treasury. The President nicely turned that fact into an argument for a tax cut: "This demonstrates again the point which I emphasized in my tax message to the Congress: rising tax receipts and eventual elimination of budget deficits depend on a healthy and rapidly growing economy. The most urgent economic business before the nation is a prompt and substantial reduction and revision of federal income taxes in order to speed up our economic growth."

REPUBLICANS

The Bomb That Was a Bomb

Only a few months ago it seemed to many Republicans that New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was virtually certain to get the Republican presidential nomination in 1964. But after his remarriage, the polls showed a steep and swift decline in his popularity. Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater suddenly became the front runner, and by an impressively wide margin. Governor Rockefeller had to do something, and last week he did.

He issued a strenuous attack on what he called "radical right" elements in the Republican Party. While he avoided calling Barry Goldwater any names, or even naming him, Republican politicians



NEW YORK'S ROCKEFELLER
It was a dud, but...

across the nation interpreted the blast as an attempt to slow down the front runner. In a broader view, Rockefeller's move marked the onset of the Republican Party's traditional election-year struggle between its liberal and conservative wings.

Immoral Base. "The Republican Party," Rocky warned, "is in real danger of subversion by a radical, well-financed and highly disciplined minority." He hit with special vehemence at the wild-about-Barry Young Republican national convention last month in San Francisco (TIME, July 5). Charged Rocky, apparently smarting a bit from Barry's well-publicized personal triumph: "Every objective observer at San Francisco has reported that the proceedings were dominated by extremist groups carefully organized, well-financed, and operating through the tactics of ruthlessness, roughshod intimidation."

Raising a vital question about the direction of the Republican Party, Rockefeller attacked an election strategy advocated by some of its members: "Completely incredible as it is to me, it is now being seriously proposed to the Repub-

lican Party, as a strategy for victory in 1964, that it write off the Negro and other minority groups, that it deliberately write off the great industrial states of the North, that it write off the big cities, and that it direct its appeal primarily to the electoral votes of the South, plus the West and a scattering of other states. The transparent purpose behind this plan is to erect political power on the outlawed and immoral base of segregation, and to transform the Republican Party from a national party of all the people to a sectional party for some of the people."

Down for the Third Time? The tone of the Rockefeller statement indicated that he meant it to be a bomb, but it proved to be a bomb only in the show-business sense—a dud. Few Republican politicians even gave Rocky credit for being genuinely concerned about the direction of the G.O.P. Most of them appeared to think he was really concerned about his own political future rather than the party's. Even politicians who agreed with him that the influence of the radical right presents a danger to the Republican Party nonetheless assumed that he was politicking on his own behalf. "Rockefeller's points were very well made," said Edward Osgood, a San Francisco Republican leader. "The dangers are very real—and he had to draw attention away from his personal life."

Outside his own New York, Rockefeller's bomb drew the most cheers and fewest jeers in Michigan. "The conservatives," said Detroit's County Chairman Peter Spivack, "have been deluded into believing they can write off 10% of the nation. This is not only a wrong position; it's a silly one." Paul Bagwell, sometime G.O.P. candidate for Governor (1958 and 1960), said the party owed Rockefeller "a great debt of gratitude for speaking out." But Michigan's liking for the Rockefeller statement may have been partly traceable to hopes that a Rockefeller-Goldwater deadlock at the 1964 convention might lead to the nomination of Michigan's own Governor George Romney.

In Goldwater country, Rockefeller's statement drew a fusillade of angry or contemptuous retorts. Snapped Henry Stollenwerck, Republican member of the Texas state legislature: "it sounds like a frantic statement from a man who has lost and knows it." Growled a Denver Republican leader, E. D. Nicholson: "Rockefeller is dead." To Mississippi's Wirt A. Yerger Jr., G.O.P. state chairman, the statement appeared to be "the scream of a drowning man going down for the third time."

To Kick the Democrats. A few days after issuing his statement, Rockefeller came out and jabbed at Goldwater by name. The radical rightists, he said, could "capture Goldwater if he doesn't disown them." When CBS proposed a one-hour Rocky v. Barry TV debate on "the policies and directions of the Republican Party in 1964," Rockefeller

quickly accepted, but Goldwater just as quickly declined. The Senator, said a Goldwater aide, "does not intend to engage in any TV programs or other actions which could have the effect of contributing to disunity in the Republican Party."

Party unity was much on the minds of many Republicans after the Rockefeller blast. "Our job," said Florida's G.O.P. State Chairman Tom Fairfield Brown, "is to kick the Democrats out of office, not fight among ourselves." Muttered a top Republican congressional leader: "I'm not for running anyone out of the party. There aren't enough of us now."

At President Kennedy's press conference, a reporter brought up a question involving the basic issue that Rock-



ARIZONA'S GOLDWATER
... that's politics.

efeller had raised—where to stand on civil rights. Remarking that "Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater are sharply divided on what sort of an appeal the Republican Party should make to the South in 1964," the newsman asked the President "whether you plan to either repudiate or reject the support and the votes of segregationists in the South."

Since the power of the Democratic Party over the past hundred years has to a large extent rested upon the votes of segregationists in the South, Kennedy could hardly be expected to answer yes. What he did was duck the question by making a neat little speech. "I think that the record of this Administration on this matter of equal opportunity is so well-known to everyone, North and South, that in 1964 there will be no difficulty in identifying the record of the Democratic Administration—what it stands for. And my judgment is, based on history, that the Republican Party will also make a clear stand on this issue. I'd be surprised if they didn't." The question remained unanswered.

THE HEMISPHERE

MEXICO

Bending the River

Mexico has never forgiven the U.S. for a little piece of *Yanqui* land chiseling. Back in the mid-1800s, the unpredictable course of the Rio Grande shifted southward at El Paso, leaving a 600-acre wedge of flat, sandy Mexican land stranded on the Texas side (see map). Mexico still claimed the land, known as El Chamizal, but the U.S. said no: the border runs where the Rio Grande runs. In 1911, the angry Chamizal dispute was put to international arbitration. The arbitrators sided with

the area's 3,750 residents. Railroads that run through El Chamizal will be rerouted farther north. The U.S. and Mexico will then split the expenses of building six new bridges and cutting a new, concrete-lined channel to prevent further disputes over the wandering Rio Grande. Total estimated cost to the U.S.: \$28 million.

"The biggest robbery since the Brink's case," cried one Texas resident of El Chamizal. But most Texans agreed that good borders make good neighbors. In Mexico City, jubilant paraders waved lighted torches, mariachi bands played wildly and cathedral bells rang out.

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Mexico; the U.S. rejected the decision, and Texans went on building homes and businesses in the area. Ever since, sensitive Mexicans have regarded El Chamizal as a clear-cut case of *Yanqui* imperialism.

A dingy string of stockyards, tenements and small factories near the bridges between El Paso and Ciudad Juárez, El Chamizal hardly seems worth the fuss. Yet President Kennedy heard about it at length during his Mexico trip last year. He left convinced that it was time to end the quarrel once and for all. Last week, after months of negotiation by U.S. Ambassador Thomas Mann, the U.S. and Mexico, in simultaneous ceremonies in Washington and Mexico City, announced a settlement.

Under the terms of the accord, the U.S. will give Mexico 630 acres of U.S. territory, and will receive in turn a desolate 193-acre chunk of Cordova Island, a Mexico-owned enclave on the El Paso side of the river. As soon as the U.S. and Mexican Senates ratify the agreement—probably late this year—the U.S. will make plans to reimburse Chamizal property owners and relocate

Mexico's President Adolfo López Mateos went on nationwide TV to declare: "Justice has come at last." And Mexico's press was full of editorials calling the settlement "a great example of how the most powerful nation in the world recognizes an error."

CUBA

Epilogue to a Failure

One of Washington's worst kept secrets in the initial bargaining with Castro over the Bay of Pigs prisoners was the U.S. Government's role in the ill-fated Tractors for Freedom Committee. Though private citizens headed the committee, they were working for the White House—which blandly denied any involvement. Last week one of the committeemen, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, brother of the former President, told his story in detail. In a book, *The Wine Is Bitter* (Doubleday; \$4.95), he flatly accuses President Kennedy of renegeing on a promise to let the world know that the committee was an agent of the U.S. Government, and not just a group of "do-gooders who had decided to take

important foreign policy matters into our own hands."

According to Dr. Eisenhower, Kennedy telephoned him one evening in May 1961. The President explained that the U.S. had a moral obligation to help the prisoners, but could do nothing openly because it had broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. Writes Dr. Eisenhower: "The President, therefore, wanted to establish a committee of private citizens for the sole purpose of raising private funds to buy the tractors that Castro demanded in exchange for the captives. He would explain the matter to the American people the next day."

Dr. Eisenhower agreed to take part, and so did the late Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Walter Reuther and Joseph Dodge, Ike's budget director. But the presidential explanation never came. In fact, writes Milton Eisenhower, as criticism mounted Kennedy sharply denied that the U.S. Government had anything to do with it. "I now realized, in chilling clarity, that the President intended to maintain the fiction that all aspects of the case, from negotiation to critical decision, from raising funds to actually freeing the prisoners, were private."

When Castro insisted that the tractor exchange be considered "indemnification" for war damage and suggested that negotiations be conducted in Havana, Dr. Eisenhower could take it no longer. "I sent President Kennedy the bitterest letter I have ever written," he says. Eisenhower never got a reply from Kennedy, and Castro was by now playing an impossible cat-and-mouse game. There was nothing left but to disband the committee and return all contributions. "And so ended," says Eisenhower, "the most exasperating, frustrating and enervating six weeks of my life."

HAITI

The Living Dead

If all the many enemies of Haiti's Dictator François Duvalier were lined up in a row, the man in front would be Clément Barbot, 50, a onetime friend and devoted lieutenant. Short, wiry, with a pencil-thin mustache, Barbot organized "Papa Doc's" dread *Tonton Macoute*, his secret police; he was the chief's personal bodyguard, supervised the regime's tortures and executions—and was himself tossed into jail for 18 months when he seemed to be getting too ambitious. After his release last year, Barbot launched a campaign of terror against his old mentor. To Haitians, it was like a choice between a scorpion and a tarantula: "What would you do with a killer who delivered the country of a homicidal maniac?"

Last April four of Duvalier's bodyguards were shot down while escorting



BARBOT AS COP & CORPSE

Between a scorpion and a tarantula.

two of the dictator's children to school. The children were unharmed, but the message was clear. Just target practice, wrote Barbot in a letter to Papa Doc. A few weeks later, Barbot's men pounced on schoolhouses where peasants had been herded in like cattle, waiting to shout *Vive Papa Doc* at a government rally. Seven were killed—and word of the terror started to shake Duvalier's regime. Duvalier sent militia patrols to comb Port-au-Prince's festering slums. But Barbot laid clever ambushes: in one fight alone, 30 loyal Duvalierists were reported killed. While Duvalier's men were out chasing him, Barbot raided their lightly guarded barracks for arms. He even telephoned the palace one day, warning Duvalier not to drink his coffee—it was poisoned, said Barbot.

The raging Duvalier sent back word: "Barbot, you will bring me your head." But in voodoo-entranced Haiti the whisper went around that no one could kill Barbot. He had the strange power, they said, to change himself into a black dog and escape at will. In Port-au-Prince, Duvalier's policemen went around shooting black dogs on sight.

Last week, his ammunition running

low, Barbot was about to muster his mob for an all-or-nothing attack on Duvalier. He and his brother Harry, 45, were hiding in a straw hut at the edge of a sugar-cane field, six miles north of Port-au-Prince. But this time someone tipped off Duvalier. A swarm of government goons surrounded the hut and set fire to the field. The Barbot brothers and three henchmen stumbled out through the smoke and flames—smack into a hail of bullets.

A few hours later, radios blared the government version: the Barbots were caught setting fire to a cane field outside Port-au-Prince and were killed resisting arrest. Pictures of the riddled bodies were passed out to newspapers. But many superstitious Haitians believe that Clément Barbot lives on, and black dogs on the street draw fearful side-long glances.

CANADA

To Harness the Quoddy

For years Passamaquoddy has been a long Indian name for a dormant idea. Last week President Kennedy called it "one of the most astonishing and beneficial joint enterprises that the people of the U.S. have ever undertaken." With Canada as a junior partner, the U.S. again will aim to harness the 18-ft. ocean tides of Passamaquoddy Bay on the Maine border and use them to generate electric power for New England, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia (see map). The project, said an Interior Department report, would do "as much for New England as Grand Coulee Dam has done for the Pacific Northwest."

Charges of Boondoggling. Power men have long dreamed of putting the great "Quoddy" to work. In 1919 a Boston engineer named Dexter Parshall Cooper drew up a plan that would require an estimated \$150 million in private capital. That idea collapsed with the 1929 market crash. Then in 1935 Franklin D. Roosevelt—best known summer visitor to neighboring Campobello Island—started boosting the Quoddy and actually got \$7,000,000 from Congress to start the project. But F.D.R.'s hopes died too, amid Republican charges of "boondoggling on the Quoddy." Two years ago a U.S.-Canadian International Joint Commission completed a study—this one for \$3,000,000—and called the idea totally uneconomical.

But now, thanks to new refinements in turbines and the economies of extra-high-voltage transmission, the engineers think the Quoddy's tides can be economically tamed. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall's plan—modeled on Cooper's 44-year-old proposal—calls for 7½ miles of dams that will trap and control some 70 billion cu. ft. of sea water that floods into the Quoddy and Cobscook Bays with each tide. At high tide the water will flow into a "high pool" in Quoddy Bay. Then once a day

during the period of "peak" power demand (from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.), locks will swing open and a wall of water will cascade through giant turbines into a "low pool" in Cobscook Bay, generating 1,000,000 kw. of power.

Electricity for All. Construction will take 15 years, and the initial cost will be steep—more than \$1 billion, including the tab for a 250,000-kw. generating station on the upper St. John River. The whole cost will be borne by the U.S. But proponents believe that the eventual usage will make it worthwhile. New England and Canada's Maritime provinces currently pay 6.36 mills per kw-h for power; Quoddy power, it is said, will cost only 4 mills per kw-h. The vast complex of dams and locks should draw an army of tourists and have an important effect on industrial development on both sides of the line.

Last week President Kennedy ordered Army engineers to work up final details for an Administration request to Congress. He planned it for 1964, but Maine's ever-eager Congressmen announced that they will introduce legislation this year. The Canadians were no less anxious. Prime Minister Lester Pearson enthusiastically promised "immediate consideration."



THE WORLD

COLD WAR

The Spirit of Moscow

At times it was almost more than Western veterans of many anti-Communist battles could bear. "Love," said Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow, "love and respect for other people is what we need." The love feast lasted all week. The beaming smile splashing across Khrushchev's moonface, the blunt, back-slapping peasant humor, the friendly-bear quality of the Soviet boss when he decides to be amiable—all these familiar traits were on full display in Moscow as U.S., British and Russian diplomats sat down to try to negotiate a nuclear test ban agreement.

With painful memories of the short-lived "Spirit of Geneva" in 1955 and the evanescent "Spirit of Camp David" in 1959, U.S. officials refuse to regard Khrushchev's joviality as a true barometer of East-West relations. Yet from the atmosphere around the conference table, there was evidence that a new and possibly somewhat more durable Spirit of Moscow was in the making.

Detectable Chair. The easy mood prevailed from the moment the negotiators arrived. Chief U.S. Negotiator Averell Harriman brought with him three tons of telephone equipment, for the "hot line" that is to link the White House and the Kremlin in emergencies. At the first meeting, Harriman, 71, was greeted by Khrushchev with a cheery "You're absolutely blooming. What are you doing, counting your years backward?" When Britain's top envoy, Viscount Hailsham, said that Moscow's weather was better than London's, Khrushchev replied: "We could perhaps find some place for you here. You could be an interneer."

Finally the principals sat down at the conference table, accompanied by their top aides—Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin, and Chief Disarmament Negotiator Semyon Tsarapkin on the Russian side, U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler and British Ambassador Sir Humphrey Trevelyan for the West. Said Khrushchev: "We begin immediately with the signing." Added Gromyko: "Then all that will remain will be to fill the treaty in."

During the early sessions, it almost seemed that easy. Khrushchev said that, since it had been impossible to reach agreement on a full ban in the past, the time had come to achieve more by attempting less. He gave Soviet approval to a limited ban which would cover all tests except those underground, repeating his familiar opposition to onsite inspections of possible underground blasts. As usual, Gromyko argued that such

inspections were unnecessary anyway, in view of long-range seismic detection devices. When the sudden crash of an accidentally overturned chair startled the delegates, Gromyko said quickly: "This is confirmation that everyone detects it." Growled Hailsham: "It still needs inspection."

Selling Mood. Arguing that underground blasts can indeed be detected from far off but not differentiated from earthquakes, the U.S. is nevertheless willing to defer the question. As for Khrushchev, he was in a selling mood. Drawing out of the hat a five-year-old Soviet proposal, he called for the establishment of inspection posts at airfields, highways, railroad stations and ports on both sides of the Iron Curtain to reduce the possibility of surprise attack. He also proposed 1) freezing or reduction of military budgets, 2) a reduction of the armed forces on both sides in East and West Germany, and 3) a nonaggression pact between the NATO and Warsaw Pact powers. He even seemed willing to accept the U.S. idea of parallel but separate declarations instead of a formal pact, which would avoid implicit U.S. recognition of the East German Communist regime.

The sudden arrival in Moscow of a high-level East German delegation that included Walter Ulbricht's Berlin specialist, immediately raised speculation that Berlin was on the agenda. But any possible deal involving Berlin or the balance of forces in Europe would require U.S. consultation with its allies. West Germany wasted little time in warning the U.S. that any agreement other than a test ban would not only usher in a period of "false security" in Europe, but would also make it increas-



KHRUSHCHEV, GROMYKO, ZORIN & TSARAPKIN
Sign now, pay later?

A TEST BAN

No diplomatic exercise could have been more wearisome and frustrating than the nuclear test ban negotiations between the West and Russia, which in one form or another have continued for more than 17 years. The milestones on the long road:

- DECEMBER 1946—The U.N. General Assembly adopts the U.S.-sponsored Baruch Plan for international control and inspection of atomic energy facilities. Russia refuses to accept it.
- NOVEMBER 1951—France, Britain and the U.S. submit tripartite proposals for "armament and atom bomb regulation." Says Russia's Andrei Vishinsky at the U.N.: "I laughed all night."
- JULY 1955—President Eisenhower proposes an "open skies" inspection plan at the Geneva Summit Conference. Russia turns down the proposal.
- NOVEMBER 1955—In the "spirit of Geneva," Secretary of State John Foster Dulles proposes a limit on nuclear tests. Russia refuses.
- JUNE 1957—Russia agrees in principle to on-site inspections to guard against underground tests, but refuses to specify a number.
- AUGUST 1958—After a series of letters between Bulganin, Khrushchev and Eisenhower, Russia, Britain and the U.S. agree to begin negotiations for the suspension of nuclear tests.
- OCTOBER 1958—The first test ban talks open in Geneva.
- MARCH 1959—Britain and the U.S. drop their insistence that a test ban must



FACING HARRIMAN, HAILSHAM, KOHLER & TREVELYAN
It almost seemed that easy.

CHRONOLOGY

be part of complete disarmament pact.

- JULY 1959—Russia accepts ten Western technical proposals for detecting high-altitude tests.

- FEBRUARY 1960—The U.S. proposes a phased test ban treaty, beginning with a cessation of atmospheric tests. Russia refuses.

- MARCH 1960—Russia calls for a voluntary moratorium of all major tests. West refuses without adequate detection controls.

- MAY 1960—The U-2 incident causes the collapse of the summit disarmament conference in Paris.

- AUGUST 1960—Russia proposes three on-site inspections, countering a U.S. suggestion for 20.

- JUNE 1961—Kennedy and Khrushchev meet in Vienna, get nowhere.

- NOVEMBER 1961—Russia withdraws the idea of any on-site inspections, says the West wants them only to send "NATO spies" into the Soviet Union.

- JANUARY 1962—Russia walks out of the three-power Geneva test ban talks with Britain and the U.S. after 353 meetings. Conversations continue at the 17-nation Geneva Disarmament Conference.

- FEBRUARY 1963—U.S. scales down its demand for on-site inspections to seven. Russia again refuses, says it might agree to two or three.

- JUNE 1963—In a series of secret communications, Kennedy and Khrushchev agree to hold high-level test ban negotiations in Moscow.

- JULY 1963—Test ban talks in Moscow.

ingly difficult for the U.S.'s European allies to heed Washington's pleas for higher NATO military expenditures or to respect the embargo of "strategic materials" to the East.

No Obstacles. Why, after years of stalling, is Khrushchev pushing a test ban treaty and a *détente* with the West? Western diplomats point to the Sino-Soviet split as the main reason (see following story). Engaged in an all-out power struggle with the Chinese, Khrushchev presumably wants a test ban treaty to demonstrate to Communists all over the world the feasibility of "peaceful coexistence." Nor would Khrushchev mind cutting down a little on the prohibitive cost of nuclear testing and production, which impedes his oft-stated desire to raise living standards in the Soviet Union.

Lastly, while a test ban would not be binding on either France or Red China, it would place the onus of defying the agreement on them. President Kennedy suggested at his press conference last week that in the event of an accord, the three negotiators go to Geneva and get the signatures of the 17-nation Geneva Disarmament Conference. Such an arrangement would box in the French with something more than an "Anglo-Saxon"—Soviet agreement. From the viewpoint of Russia's quarrel with the Chinese, it would also put such Geneva "neutrals" as Egypt, Burma and India on the record as supporting a Soviet-sponsored agreement.

At week's end a test ban agreement seemed near. Bantering with Harriman at a reception, Khrushchev said: "The talks are going on well. There have been no obstacles. If they go on as they have, an agreement is in sight."

COMMUNISTS

"Get Out of Here"

And so the Chinese went home.

At the airport, when a Western correspondent asked Teng Hsiao-ping, the chief of Peking's departing delegation, how the talks had gone, he replied, "Very good." Obviously, the opposite was true. During their last week in Moscow, while Western negotiators were feted and flattered, a kind of Great Wall surrounded the unwelcome visitors from Peking. From their isolated compound on Moscow's Lenin Hills, the Red Chinese delegates ventured out only in curtained black Chaika limousines for the short drive to Peking's embassy; on alternate days they met with a Soviet delegation, obviously to no effect.

Khrushchev pointedly stayed away from the meetings, although he was otherwise active in the diplomatic and social whirl. The Moscow Film Festival provided an excuse for lots of parties, at which Western envoys and Soviet functionaries mixed amiably with such movie stars as Shelley Winters, Susan Strasberg, Yves Montand and Simone Signoret. At week's end Khrushchev finally turned to his other guests and, in a relatively gracious gesture, tossed the Red Chinese a farewell dinner. Although described as "friendly," the meal could have produced little beyond dyspepsia, for Khrushchev had spoiled the table talk in advance, delivering an oratorical blast at Peking that in effect declared political war on the Chinese.

The Challenge. At a massive rally of party bureaucrats and propagandists in the Kremlin's Palace of the Congresses, Khrushchev spoke with such apologetic vehemence that at one point he groped for words and rhetorically begged the audience: "Help me out." But he didn't need much help. Angrily defending his destalinization drive against Peking's attacks, he demanded: "What do they want? To frighten our people, to bring back the days when a man went to his job and did not know whether he would see his wife and children again?" Dropping his voice to a dramatic whisper, Khrushchev said that letters to him from all over the country expressed gratitude for ending the Stalinist terror. Then he added: "If Stalin had died ten years earlier, it would have been even better."

The Soviet boss was equally contemptuous on the subject of Peking's warmongering foreign policy. "They say one should start a revolution, a war," he shouted, "and on the corpses and the ruins, a more prosperous society will be created. And who would remain in this prosperous society? Wouldn't the living envy the dead?" Directly accusing the Chinese of trying to unseat him, Khrushchev dared Peking to take its case to the Soviet people: "I declare to those who would like to overthrow us—I challenge you, comrades—let's pick out any plant or collective farm. You present your program and we will present ours. You won't need armor or a pillow for



"NIKITA SAID HE PREFERRED THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEASHORE THIS SUMMER"

protection. Our people are polite. They'll listen and say: 'Get out of here.'"

Bourgeois Comrades. Almost as vehement was a 19,000-word open letter from the Kremlin that called the Chinese liars, hypocrites and cowards. Moscow dismissed the Red Chinese claim to proletarian purity and accused them of trying to goad Russia into war with the U.S. Printed in Pravda, the Soviet counterattack was addressed to Communist cadres throughout the world and it served notice that Moscow would push its platform before all 81 "fraternal" parties at all costs. As the Soviets themselves angrily pointed out, Peking was actively "organizing and supporting hands of renegade" Reds in seven nations. Throughout the world the Sino-Soviet quarrel has sharply divided local Communist parties, splitting race from race and continent from continent.

In Europe the quarrel is noisier among the Italian comrades. Nowhere does the Communist Party seem more bourgeois; for just that reason, nowhere in Europe has Peking found more supporters for its credo of all-out revolution. In Padua a group of Communist Party members, expelled for favoring Peking, published a pamphlet denouncing Red bureaucrats who lived the sweet

life, complete with "wives and mistresses in jewels and furs." Some 30,000 Italian Reds, many of them sons of prominent Communists, have formed about 20 chapters of the Chinese-Italian Friendship Society. The rebels are backed by funds believed to be channeled through the Albanian legation in Rome; they circulate propaganda material prepared by Red Chinese specialists operating from a fancy villa in Bern, Switzerland. Last week Communist Party Vice Secretary Luigi Longo rushed to Milan to put down a rebellion of Sinophiles, and explained that by appearing moderate, Italian Reds have prospered at the polls. As he emerged from the meeting, Longo discovered the slogans "Viva Stalin," "Viva Mao" painted on nearby walls.

Airmail War. In Africa and Asia the split is increasingly racial. The Soviets are complaining that at the recent Asian-African Solidarity Conference in Tanganyika, a Red Chinese official told the Moscow delegation: "The whites have nothing to do here." Such a blatant racist line, argues Moscow, is pursued in the underdeveloped areas at Russia's expense; it "implants the sneaky idea that the peoples of some regions are more revolutionary than others."

India's Communist movement has been deeply divided, but last week formally lined up with Khrushchev, just as an Indian government purchasing commission arrived in Moscow shopping for arms—to be used in defense against the Red Chinese. In Japan, most of whose Communists favor Red China for ethnic reasons, the struggle has become pretty petty, resulting in an air-mail circulation war. Soon after Pravda began to arrive in Tokyo by air, Peking's People's Daily dropped its sea-mail delivery, which used to take a month, and also took to the air—at no increase in postal rates to subscribers.

The Nightmare. Though the leadership of most Latin American Communist parties is firmly pro-Moscow, the rank and file lean toward Peking. Reds in Brazil have split into three rival sects. One of Uruguay's top Reds was recently expelled for his Red Chinese sympathies; however, the party newspaper still accepts paid announcements from Peking propagandists.

As for The Beard, Fidel's revolutionary sympathies lie with Mao, but he knows better than to bite Nikita's hand, and last week he dutifully endorsed the Moscow line. Still, Red China has not given up hope of converting Castro. Cuba is one of the few places in the world where both Chinese and Russian technicians remain at work. This month Peking happily proclaimed that its experts have helped the Cubans to raise 25,000 Peking ducks.

These Sino-Soviet duels around the world, as much as the fruitless talks in Moscow, have shattered any prospect of early reconciliation. Now that the Moscow meeting has collapsed, both sides in effect concede that what began as a charade of unity has become a Communist nightmare.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Buddhist Crisis

In Saigon's huge Xa Loi Pagoda, Buddhist monks and nuns were holding a 48-hour hunger strike against the regime of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. Expecting trouble, police sealed off nearby streets with barbed wire. To prevent a repetition of the ritualistic suicide last month, when a protesting Buddhist monk burned himself to death on a Saigon street corner, two fire trucks were on hand.

Suddenly, about 500 saffron-robed Buddhist priests, laymen and women emerged from a nearby alley and started to run toward the pagoda to join their fasting fellow-Buddhists. Stymied by wire and police, the demonstrators sat down in the middle of the street. Riot squads arrived. Armed with a walkie-talkie radio, two sport-shirted American C.I.A. men delivered a running commentary on events to headquarters. A monk with a portable loudspeaker repeated: "We have been deceived many times and we no longer have any faith in the regime." Government secret police in civilian clothes



ACTRESS STRASSBERG WITH RUSSIAN & MONGOL FILM IDOLS
The troupe from Peking closed.

yelled back that the Buddhists were being exploited by the Communists.

Then the police charged the peaceful seated crowds, causing one of the ugliest scenes in South Viet Nam's three-months-old Buddhist crisis.

At Gunpoint. With rifle butts, clubs and Tommy-gun clips, the cops battered the demonstrators. Women who had fallen to the pavement in the first police rush were savagely kicked. A young girl had her head split open with a carbine butt, and as blood streamed into her eyes, she was carted away in a police van. From the windows of a brothel, girls shouted insults at the police until forced inside at machine-gun point.

Throughout South Viet Nam, government forces crushed Buddhist demonstrations with similar violence, arrested nearly 300 marchers in Saigon

thus provides a nonpolitical opportunity for an invasion of Buddhist East Asia by the Communist quasi-religion with its hope for a transformed world." Although the Red Chinese are wooing the Buddhists everywhere, there is no real evidence so far that the Reds are using South Viet Nam's Buddhists, as the Diem government charges. On the other hand, Diem has not succeeded in using them either—unlike Thailand's Strongman Sarit Thanarat, who has shown that, when handled properly, they can be a solid, anti-Communist force.

Until recently, the Buddhists in South Viet Nam had no real case against Diem. Since the Buddhists were South Viet Nam's dominant group for centuries—and resent Roman Catholicism as the religion of their former French masters—Diem has taken pains not to

brother and closest adviser. Mme. Nhu has banned polygamy, concubinage, dancing, and even fighting fish.

Hard Line. All these discontents need not have erupted if government troops had not stupidly and brutally gunned down nine Buddhist demonstrators at a rally in Hue two months ago. Even then, the Buddhist controversy would probably have died down if the government had offered a public apology, which is the Buddhists' chief demand, along with such practical matters as freedom of assembly, the right to fly their flag, Buddhist chaplains in the army. But Brother Ngo Dinh Nhu has always urged a hard line. What he fears—with some reason—is that if Diem gives in even slightly to the Buddhists, it would only cause new demands that would eventually



MADAME NHU



BUDDHIST DEMONSTRATORS & SOLDIERS
How to make martyrs by really trying.



HEAD PRIEST KHIE

alone, following orders to "use any means" to disperse Buddhist demonstrations. Top U.S. embassy people in Saigon were "shocked and disgusted" by the Diem government's action. One monk delivered a protest note to the embassy, urging the U.S. to force Diem to relent; U.S. Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting telephoned Vietnamese officials and got assurances that the man would not be molested. But no sooner had the monk left than secret police agents tried to spirit him away in a waiting taxi. The priest fought them off and raced back toward the U.S. embassy. A U.S. official dragged him to safety through the door as a husky Marine guard peeled a Vietnamese cop from the priest's back.

Morality Crusade. Ironically, the crisis involves one of the world's most docile religions. Yet, in a sense, that very quality makes Buddhism a problem.

Since it knows no sense of sin, and hence no reprisal for error, it is, at least by Western standards, passive, backward and neutral. Buddhism, says Theologian Paul Tillich, "gives no decisive motives for social transformation, and

show obvious favoritism toward fellow Catholics. Only three of 19 army generals and five of 17 Cabinet ministers are Catholics. Though nearly half of the 123-member National Assembly is Catholic, this is largely because Catholic schools turn out better-educated graduates than Buddhist schools.

Most Vietnamese nevertheless believe that Diem's Catholic ruling family has shown bias. Primarily middle-class landowners, Vietnamese Catholics are economically far more advanced than the Buddhists. Thousands of Buddhists have become converts to Catholicism in the hope that this would help them professionally or economically. Buddhists claim that the government gives Catholics better land for schools and church buildings and discriminates against Buddhist students in granting state scholarships. Unlike other religious groups, Buddhists must have special government permits to hold large meetings. "This puts us in the same category as the trade unions," says one Buddhist priest. With their free and easy mores, Buddhists also complain about the morality crusade of Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, wife of Diem's

threaten the government's whole power structure. By week's end, however, in a belated attempt to ease tensions, the government ordered the release of 267 Buddhists arrested during the demonstrations.

Though Head Priest Thich Tinh Khiet said that he has lost confidence in Diem's "high virtue," no top Buddhist has yet openly asked for the overthrow of the Diem government. But a new type of Buddhist leader is emerging—young, well-educated, tough, and impatient with the older men's relative restraint. As passions mount and the police crack down harder, Buddhists are being pushed into a dangerous attitude of martyrdom. "We don't want a police state," says a Buddhist priest. "We do not want terror or discrimination or state control. We are loyal Vietnamese, but the government treats us like Communists. We are willing to sacrifice ourselves and to die to bring freedom to all the people of South Viet Nam."

The Communist Viet Cong was obviously trying to capitalize on the Buddhist crisis. Stepping up their attacks,

the Red guerrillas wounded 14 U.S. advisers in a mortar barrage on a U.S. compound in Can Tho and killed three Americans when the Reds shot up a U.S. medical convoy north of Saigon. A fourth adviser was killed later in the week when jittery sentries began shooting at each other in the dark. The dead brought to 89 the number of U.S. troops killed in the war in South Viet Nam.

SYRIA

Throwing Away the Script

Syrian army revolts usually resemble the ancient battles of Chinese warlords: there is a head count of men and material in the opposing armies and the larger wins a bloodless victory. The losers are then jailed or exiled to well-paying diplomatic posts abroad.

Not so last week, when Syria experienced its twelfth attempted *coup d'état* in 14 years and the only one to throw away the script. Led by ex-Colonel Jassem Aliwan, who had already staged an unsuccessful coup last year, a band of army officers and civilians launched a morning attack in Damascus on the radio station and the Defense Ministry. Diplomats in Britain's new green and yellow embassy got off a cable home: "Heavy fighting in the heart of the city."

The gunfire lasted for four hours, and three Syrian MIG fighter planes—serving either the government, the rebels, or their own whim—knocked out the radio transmitter. When the radio limped back on the air, it was still in government hands. The strongman of Syria's ruling Baath (Renaissance) Party, General Mohammed Hafez, who is both Defense Minister and army chief of staff, broadcast that the effort "to disturb the peace" had been crushed. Next day he announced the break in the rules of Syrian-style coups: eight rebel military men and twelve civilians had been executed. Hafez blamed the revolt on Syrian supporters of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who is feuding

with Baath-ruled Syria over control of the proposed new Arab federation.

But Mideastern observers could not understand why Nasserites would begin a revolt on the very day that Syria's President Louai Atassi was flying to Cairo to make concessions to Nasser. Even Baath party newspapers conceded that Syria was at last ready to accept Nasser's demand for a "national front" federation in which his supporters would have equal strength with Baath. After a ten-hour conference with Nasser, President Atassi flew home and rushed to the military hospital to kiss the soldiers wounded in defending his regime. At week's end Damascus radio was still making brief, shrill broadcasts insisting that the revolt was crushed, but the country remained buttoned up against the outside world, with borders, airports and harbors sealed.

ZANZIBAR

Deadlocked Magic

It was election time, and Zanzibaris nervously barricaded themselves behind the huge brass-spiked doors installed in their houses long ago to withstand the battering of elephants. In the British island protectorate off the east coast of Africa, voting can be dangerous. The last Zanzibar election, two years ago, ended in bloody race riots with 68 killed. The violence was caused by a deadlock between the Nationalist Party, which is led by Zanzibar's land-owning Arab minority and the Afro-Shirazi Party, which claims to represent the interests of the African majority. Both parties won ten seats in the legislature, but the Nationalists took charge by making a deal with the three-seat People's Party.

This time, with Zanzibar choosing the government that will lead the protectorate to independence, the British took no chances. For the two-week voting and counting period, a full battalion of Scots Guards was flown in from Kenya. Spotter aircraft flew low over the clove plantations. Below, rural polling stations pegged white sheets to the ground as an all-well signal, red red ones on hand in case of trouble. So great was popular enthusiasm for the election that on the nearby island of Pemba, known throughout Africa as the "Witchdoctors' University," leading practitioners were paid by both sides to cast their bones and influence the results.

Unfortunately, neither front seemed to possess the decisive magic. Though without bloodshed the result was essentially the same as last time: another deadlock. The Nationalists won one seat less than the Afro-Shirazis, but the People's Party's six seats were enough to keep the Nationalist coalition in control (18-13) of the expanded legislature.

When the outcome was announced outside Zanzibar's radio station, Afro-Shirazis broke into tears. But the situation was pleasing enough to Zanzibar's Arab Sultan, Seyyid Jamshid bin Abdulla, 31, a speedboat-loving playboy



SULTAN SEYYID JAMSHID
Saved from the tourists.

who came to the throne after his father's death three weeks ago. During the election campaign, the Afro-Shirazis hinted that if the African party won, his reign might be short. The worried Seyyid Jamshid was said to be ready to abdicate and earn a living running a motorboat service for tourists. With his allies of the Arab Nationalist Party still in control, the Sultan was spared that grim necessity. But the country at large is wondering what will happen between the two feuding factions when the British troops pull out. To preserve the peace then might be quite a job even for the witch doctors.

ESPIONAGE

Mistaken Identities

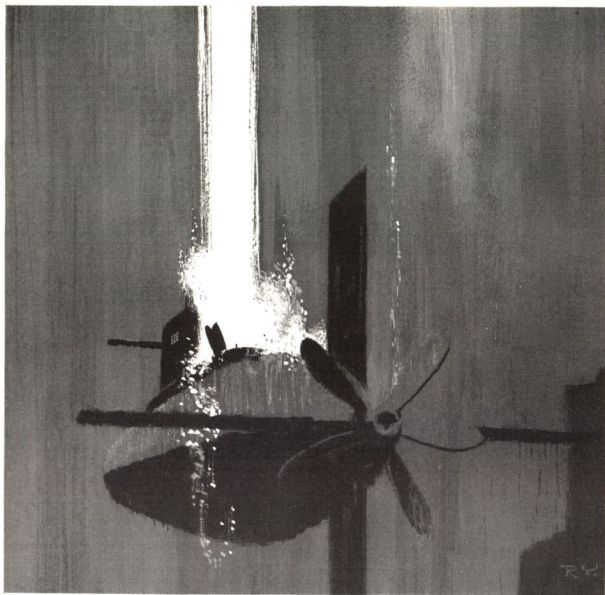
Latest installments of two international spy cases:

► In London's Old Bailey, a jury pondered the Crown's case against Italian Nuclear Scientist Giuseppe Martelli, including the elaborate espionage equipment found in his possession and his repeated contacts with known Soviet agents. Defendant Martelli readily admitted most of the Crown's charges, but explained that he had merely been stringing out the negotiations with the Reds in order to denounce them at the right moment to British authorities. After deliberating for nine hours and 47 minutes, the jurors decided to believe Martelli and declared him not guilty.

► In both London and Moscow, there was considerable confusion about the important Soviet official who defected to the West 18 months ago, was thoroughly interrogated in the U.S., and is now a resident of Britain. The man's name was given as Anatoly Dolynitsyn,



STRONGMAN HAFEZ
Buttoned up against Nasser.



Knockout from below

The Polaris missile—fired from atomic submarines ranging the oceans of the world—represents one of America's major knockout punches. In a world in which there may well be no second chance, reliable performance of these missiles is an absolute "must". An important piece of equipment in use by the Lockheed Missile and Space Company to help assure complete reliability is one of a new breed of Budd-built UEH Series Universal Testing Machines. Chosen because of its unique design that allows testing of large structures, this machine is capable of conducting a wide variety of tests on Polaris components in Lockheed's Structural Test Services Department. Capacity of the machine is 200,000

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and the Daily Telegraph alertly noted that a diplomat of the same name had served for nine months in the Soviet embassy in London. Moscow's *Izvestia* then got into the act, insisting that, far from defecting, Dolynitsyn had left his London post in 1961 and had been working ever since at the foreign ministry in Moscow (to prove its point, *Izvestia* even published his picture). Questions raised in Britain's House of Commons got only an acknowledgment that somebody did defect from Russia 18 months ago and had been given asylum in Britain. Possibly, there had been two Russian officials with the same or similar names. Now will the real Anatoly Dolynitsyn please stand up?

GREAT BRITAIN

The Saga of Polish Peter

Like the overturning of a deeply embedded rock, the Profumo scandal caused a frantic scurrying of a great many odd human insects. One of the crawliest figures to emerge was that of Peter Rachman, who may, or may not, be dead. Last week press and Parliament were abuzz with his sordid story.

Rachman looked the part of an Ian Fleming villain. Short and fat, with grotesquely tiny hands and feet, he had no neck, a bald head shaped like a soccer ball, and sunken blue eyes always hidden behind dark glasses. He dressed flashily, wore elevator shoes of crocodile leather. It amused him to watch naked lady wrestlers, and he had a fetish about hygiene, insisting that all his silverware be sterilized and untouched by human hands. More than most men, Rachman loved money and women.

White Chief. In 1946, when he was 26, Polish-born Rachman had arrived in Britain virtually penniless and possessing a stateless person's passport. At first, he found postwar Britain a bleak place. His English was poor, and he labored as kitchen helper, insurance agent and black marketeer. He made his bid for fortune in the early 1950s by borrowing £2,500 to buy a lodging house near London's Harrow Road. The house cost so little because seven of its eight rooms were occupied by tenants protected by rent control and immune from eviction. Rachman rented the one empty room to a party of eight West Indian musicians who were encouraged to hold nightclub parties and raise hell; they did, to such good effect that the seven white tenants moved out within three months and were replaced by swarms of West Indians paying vastly inflated rents. Eighteen months later, Rachman sold the house for five times what he had paid for it, and moved on to further real estate triumphs in the rundown areas of Paddington, Bayswater and Notting Hill.

In his single-minded effort to get low-rent tenants out of his houses and high-rent tenants in, Rachman hired men to urinate in hallways, smash furniture, and once in Bayswater to remove the



ENTREPRENEUR RACHMAN
Has anyone seen \$25 million?

roof of a house and abandon the stubborn tenants to the mercy of wind and weather. In the underworld he got the name of "Polish Peter," and West Indians, who knew his power, called him "White Chief Rachman Man."

Bent Basement. The Rent Act of 1957 virtually lifted all controls and enabled Rachman to shoehorn tenants into his flats at whatever prices the traffic would bear. He also showed talent for "bending the basement," that is, converting cellar space into cribs for prostitutes or into nightclubs. The 1959 Street Offences Act, which drove prostitutes off London pavements, brought him another windfall, for the girls would pay more for rooms than even the desperate West Indians. In one house, seven prostitutes were charged \$10 per day, payable every day at noon, or \$25,000 annually, for a house valued at \$4,200.

Rachman was never once found guilty of an illegal act, and never once paid a personal income tax. Police and Public Health officers nearly lost their minds trying to trace the true ownership of his 400 to 500 buildings. They would discover that in a single Rachman house different owners were listed for different floors; one company would have a lease to collect rents, another to make repairs, and a third would simply be holding the house "in trust" for one of Rachman's myriad firms.

By 1959, Rachman had enough money to start dealing in better-class apartments, hotels and office buildings. He married Audrey O'Donnell, a pretty Lancashire girl who had served as an officer in his multiple corporations, and moved into a mock-Georgian mansion just off Hampstead Heath's Millionaires' Row. The garage was large enough to house their six cars.

Numbers Fame. Always on the lookout for girls for his personal use, Rachman frequently visited the several night-

clubs he owned, and would sit in a corner like a satanic kewpie, a cigar in his mouth, diamonds on his pudgy fingers, a blonde juvenile obediently at his side, and a bodyguard in the background. Christine Keeler was one of his many mistresses, and in October 1960, he set up Mandy Rice-Davies, Christine's sometime roommate, in a West End apartment complete with a two-way bedroom mirror and a tape recorder beneath the bed. "In our two happy years," said Mandy later, "he gave me a mink coat, three mink jackets, a Persian lamb jacket, three diamond brooches, two pairs of diamond and ruby earrings, a big gold diamond and ruby watch, two diamond rings, and a Jaguar. For my 18th birthday, he gave me £1,000 in cash."

While gambling at a London casino one night last November, Rachman fell ill. He was rushed to Edgware General Hospital, and perhaps died of a heart attack. On his wrist was a gold bracelet whose inside, as a hospital attendant described it, was covered with a series of numbers that could be either safe combinations or account numbers in Swiss banks. Whatever Rachman did with his reputed fortune of \$25 million, it was not found in his personal estate, which came to about \$20,000.

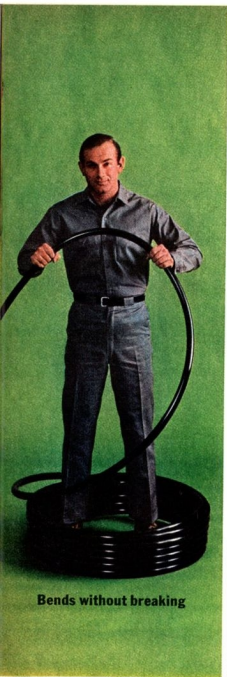
Rachman's own fate is as mysterious as his missing money. The London underworld buzzes with rumors that there was a body switch at Edgware, and Rachman has reportedly been seen everywhere from Manhattan to Paris. The question was raised in Parliament, but last week Scotland Yard and investigating newsmen were satisfied that the real Rachman was dead and that his corpse lies buried in an unmarked grave in a Hertfordshire cemetery.

WEST GERMANY

The Oldest Grad

The tall, gangling youth with the Kaiser Wilhelm mustache was a model of self-discipline at the University of Freiburg. Limited to a small monthly allowance of \$21, he was never known to squander or borrow a pfennig. At night, nodding over his law books, he would take off his shoes and socks, immerse his feet in a tub of cold water to stay awake. He never fought a duel, but he was no square. He pledged a fraternity, acquired the "*Biername*" (drinking nickname) of "Toni," and at frothy functions would bang his stein on an oak table in unison with the rest of them. Later, in Cologne, he dazzled the *fräuleins* at the local *Pudelmess* (Sopping Wet) Tennis Club. Among those who knew him, many were surprised when Konrad Adenauer (class of 1897) grew up to be a politician and eventually Chancellor of West Germany.

Last week Adenauer's college days became a topic of national discussion. Addressing a nostalgic reunion of *alte Herren* (old grads,) the Chancellor defended Germany's tradition of fraternities, which are widely accused of fos-



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YOUNG ADENAUER (CENTER) & PARTNERS
"One is never finished in life."

tering authoritarianism. Though at 87 Adenauer has seen most if not all of his old fraternity classmates die, he is still a loyal member of Arminia* (motto: True! Free!).

Said *der Alte*: "When a student enters the university, he or she is neither a finished man nor a finished woman. One is never completely finished in life. A boy needs a special atmosphere. It is like a plant that grows up, or a young tree. It depends on how the air is, on the surroundings he is in, on the earth that gives him nourishment. I believe a *Studentenkorporation* [fraternity] can give a young student a great deal. I look back at my student time and can only say that the atmosphere which I found in the fraternities has affected me for my whole life. The student can only be raised by the fellowship of his peers." As for the burgeoning revival of fraternities since World War II (40% of West German students now belong), *der Alte* maintained that "after the terrible collapse at the end of the war, the rise of such a tradition is of very vital and great significance for all the German people."

After his speech, Adenauer took time to inspect the special offices in Bonn's Parliament Building that are being made ready for him to occupy after his postponed but now firmly promised retirement as Chancellor this fall. When he steps down, Adenauer is supposed to confine himself to being a parliamentary Deputy, national chairman of his Christian Democratic Union—and the oldest surviving member of Arminia.

* Named for the Teutonic hero Arminius, whose forces annihilated three Roman legions under General Varus in A.D. 9.

FRANCE

L'Amour for la Patrie

The people of Paris celebrated summer in the traditional way. Young couples were laced together under the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, locked lip-to-lip on the Metro stairs, snuggled flank-to-flank on the swimming barges moored along the Seine, to the Gauls in the National Assembly there was only one thing wrong with this surfeit of love: it is not producing enough babies. Introducing new legislation designed to change that situation, ex-Premier Michel Debré warned: "There is a direct and immediate link between the weight of our population and our future in Europe and the world."

No Explosion. Debré could have appealed to history. When Napoleon's armies swept over the Continent 160 years ago, France contained one-fifth of Europe's population. Today it represents one-twentieth, and only immigration has kept France from losing population. Since 1946, France's annual birth rate has stabilized at between 18 and 19 per 1,000 people. Though well below the U.S. rate of 23.4, France is now actually doing better than most of its neighbors.

In Western Europe generally, the birth rate has slowly but steadily declined over the past decade, possibly because of postwar uneasiness about the future, the shortage of new housing that continues despite the economic boom, and the decision of newlyweds to space the arrival of children. The decline is even more rapid in the Communist countries, especially Poland and Yugoslavia, where the rate has dropped from 28 to 22 per 1,000 in the same period, partly because Communist governments sanction legal abortions. Thus, ironically, while Asia, Africa and South America still fear the population explosion, Europe fears the opposite.

No Drinking. France has long fought the trend by offering bonuses for large families and by severely outlawing abortions as well as female contraceptive devices and the spread of birth control information. To achieve a national average of at least three children per family, Debré last week proposed 1) priority in apartments for young couples with children, 2) tax exemptions to families in the year they produce a fourth child, 3) a more "receptive government attitude toward unwed mothers." He also wants Frenchmen to lay off the bottle, because "each generation we lose a total of 500,000 persons due to overindulgence."

Opposition came from Socialist and Communist Deputies who argued that it was unrealistic to talk of increasing the population while French housing remained in its present wretched state. But Debré is strongly backed by President Charles de Gaulle, who hopes that France's present population of 47 million will grow to 100 million by the century's end.

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PEOPLE

On his 24th flight in the record-blistering X-15 rocket plane, Ace NASA Test Pilot **Joe Walker**, 42, was just supposed to nudge the 59.6-mile altitude record. But when he touched down at California's Edwards Air Force Base, he found that he had busted it wide open. NASA's tentative estimate of the new record for winged aircraft: 350,000 ft. (almost 67 miles). Walker's speed was 3,818 m.p.h., close to six times that of sound, and as he blasted upward into the blackness, he trailed a small balloon designed to make air-density measurements. "Yup," cracked Joe, on his return, "must have got some lift from that balloon."

"An odious little girl," rasped Italy's Communist daily *L'Unità*. "She thinks she is the novel of the world. She is a Fascist." Who drew the Red scowls? Why, none other than **Lucy**, 6, devastating heroine of Charles Schulz's *Peanuts* comic strip. With the appearance of a *Peanuts* collection in Italy, *L'Unità* decided to pseudoanalyze her. "She gossips continuously about others, black-mails them, hollers about other people's complexes, but remains turned in on herself. One hates her." To all this, there was only one thing to say, and Cartoonist Schulz let good of **Charlie Brown**, 7 (whom *L'Unità* called "quite normal though tormented"), say it: "Oh, good grief."

The small ones craned. The big ones beamed. And the littlest one drowsed through it all. It was christening day for **Christopher George Kennedy**, 15 days. Resting in the arms of his aunt and godmother Mrs. Pat Lawford, the eighth child of Ethel and Bobby Kennedy was baptized by Richard Cardinal Cushing in St. Francis Xavier Church in Hyannis, Mass. The gathering of the clan all but buried Family Friend Dean Mark-

ham, who works in Washington as executive secretary of the President's Narcotics and Drug Abuse Committee, and was, after all, the baby's godfather. Said Cardinal Cushing, after administering a special papal blessing: "God bless you, Christopher George—if you don't become a priest or a cardinal it's not my fault."

The rescue helicopter lifted from a barge 2½ miles out in the Pacific, off San Diego, at the site of a sewer-construction project. Strapped to a pontoon was an injured workman, his leg broken by a whiplashing cable. Suddenly the chopper tilted and crashed into the water. Aboard the barge, preparing to inspect the pipe 217 ft. down on the ocean floor, **Jon Lindbergh**, 31, deep-sea-diver son of Air Hero Charles Lindbergh, stripped off his gear, dived in and swam 100 yds. to the crash. Working under water, Lindbergh swiftly cut the injured man free from the wreckage. But the odds were against him. By the time a skiff got the man back to the barge, he was dead. Said Lindbergh: "A man doesn't have much time in the water."

Once each week the morning mail brings a \$1,000 check to Actress **Jane Russell**, 42, and she doesn't have to work a wiggle for it. It's all part of a \$1,000,000 movie contract that she signed with Howard Hughes in 1955. Hughes is out of the movies now, and Jane keeps busy running the Women's Adoption International Fund (WAIF), which has placed 11,000 homeless children since she founded it in 1954. But once in a while she slips back into harness. And she has not lost much of the old (38-24-36) *Outlaw* oomph. Poured into a gown for a three-week engagement in Las Vegas with Singers **Connie Haines** and **Beryl Davis**, she found it all choked up, and grabbed a scissors. "I



SINGERS **BERYL & JANE**
"I just cut it to a decent V."

just cut it to a decent V," she murmured. "What was cheesecake in *The Outlaw* days is like a Mother Hubbard today—just look at what the current crop of dames wear!"

Her older brother was already away at school near Scotland's bleak coast. Now it was time for **Princess Anne**, 12, to leave Buckingham Palace. She will be one of next year's "new girls" at upper-middle-class **Beneden School**, in Kent, 42 miles from London. She didn't have to take an exam to get in, but that was the only curtsy to royalty. Along with her 300 schoolmates, she'll be up at 7, make her own bed, take her turn setting the table and washing the dishes. And that's fine with her parents, although they will be permitted to visit no more than three times a year.

For almost two months, FBI agents have kept a round-the-clock watch on Chicago Rackets Boss **Mama Salvatore** ("Sam") **Giancana**, 53, heir to what remains of Al Capone's empire. And the tail gives Sam a pain. He sneaks out of his house at odd hours, lies on the floor of a relative's car, changes cars on a crowded street, once even pulled casually into a car wash, then zoomed out the rear while attendants cheered, "Go, man, go." But the feds are always there, even on the golf course and on his dates with Steady Girl **Phyllis McGuire**, 32, youngest of the singing sisters. So Sam started photographing the FBI and went to court to prove that his civil rights were being infringed. U.S. District Judge **Richard Austin** agreed. He ordered the FBI to remove four of the five cars the feds have staked out around Sam's house—and told them to keep at least one foursome behind him on the golf course so poor Sam can swing a little.



DAD, AUNT EUNICE, CARDINAL, GODMOTHER PAT, UNCLE JOHN, MOM & KIN
"God bless you, Christopher George."



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MUSIC

FESTIVALS

Sounds of a Summer Night

A craving for music seems to possess the U.S. in the summertime. From coast to coast, Americans brave torrential downpours, smoggy traffic jams, cement seats, grass stains and mosquitoes to get within the sound of music. They seek it out in bosky glens and canopied pavilions, up on mountaintops and down in gulches, in abandoned cow pastures and deserted mining towns, on a riverbank beside a barge and in the middle of a city zoo.

Part rite and part romp, the summer music festival attests the ever-widening U.S. interest in the arts. The quality of performance varies from aspiring and

opera *Lulu*. Soprano Joan Carroll will sing the dissolute heroine.

Local pride runs so high that Santa Fe citizens account for 70% of the annual ticket sale, and the *touristas*, as Santa Feans call outlanders, buy the rest. Local taste is also sensitive. A lady once had a cocktail thrown at her at a party for suggesting that the tenor ought to practice more.

• **BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL** (July 5-Aug. 25) evokes the shade of the late great Serge Koussevitzky, who conducted the initial summer concerts of the Boston Symphony, and of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who once lived in a little red cottage on the edge of the 210-acre estate called Tanglewood. Wrote Hawthorne: "There is a glen between this house and the

quality of the Boston Symphony. What makes Tanglewood a model festival is that the orchestra's tone and attack are kept as finely manicured as the grounds.

• **MARLBORO FESTIVAL** (July 12-Sept. 2) in Vermont is really a sort of busman's holiday for fine musicians. None of the 85 or so instrumentalists are paid; instead, most contribute \$625 apiece to meet expenses. Free from concert pressures, the musicians split up into informal chamber music groups and play precisely what they please. The knowledgeable public that attends the weekend concerts does not always know exactly what work will be played, but does know that it will be performed with love, zest, and craftsmanlike precision. There is no cult of personality at Marlboro despite the musical giants on the premises. Pianist Rudolf Serkin, who has also been playing at Tanglewood this season, is artistic director of the chamber music workshop. Pablo Casals is conducting master classes on the Bach *Unaccompanied Cello Suites* and Gamba *Sonatas* and public performances of Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony (the "Italian" Symphony) and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

• **CENTRAL CITY OPERA FESTIVAL** (June 29-July 27). Back in its 19th century heyday, when gold and silver were being dug out of its mountains, Central City, Colo., was the roaring capital of "The Little Kingdom of Gilpin." Its lusty miners built a splendid stone opera house and imported their music along with beans, bacon, and mining tools. But in time the gold went out of the Golden West and Central City became a near ghost town. Then 32 years ago, the old opera house was restored.

What Central City has found is that it can combine good opera with tourist-drawing memorabilia of the Old West and graft on a few colorful traditions of its own. Ushers in long coats and high boots ring bells up and down Eureka Street announcing the opera performances like town criers. Opening day saw square dances in front of the opera house, and a survey with the fringe on top conveyed dignitaries to the ceremonies. The nostalgically inclined can bucket out to deserted mines in Jeeps, watch a pony-express ride, or stare at *The Face on the Barroom Floor*, a new face commissioned to please the tourists who, in turn, prefer to believe that it is the 19th century original. Despite the diverting hoopla, some 27,000 opera lovers are buying seats this season to hear those authentic old Western masters Mozart (*Don Giovanni*) and Verdi (*Il Trovatore*).

• **THE AMERICAN WIND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** (June 5-Aug. 11) is the showboat of summer music. Its unlikely home: a 122-ft.-long, 30-ft.-wide converted coal barge. A tug tows this floating concert hall along the Ohio, Mississippi and tributary rivers. In the next fortnight, the A.W.S. will dock at and serenade such symphony-less cities as



CASALS (LEFT) AT MARLBORO
With love, zest and precision.

disciplined musicianship to the routine drudging of bored hacks. The classics sometimes share the scene with jazz and folk singing, often done with verve and style. There is even a hot-weather blend of classical and popular that might be dubbed popclassical music. Herewith, a sampling of some distinctive U.S. festivals:

• **THE SANTA FE OPERA** (June 26-Aug. 24) commands a magnificent site in the foothills of New Mexico's dramatic Sangre de Cristo mountain range. When General Director John Crosby, 36, began the venture in 1957, his Eastern friends told him he was dizzy from the altitude. The skeptics now trek west to see his dizzying success. The present season will see polished performances ranging from *Don Giovanni* and *Madame Butterfly* to Honegger's *Joan of Arc*, combined with a flair for the new. In the much-anticipated American premiere of the late Alban Berg's unfinished, powerful and grittily atonal

lake through which winds a little brook with pools, and tiny waterfalls over the great roots of trees . . . Beyond the lake is Monument Mountain, looking like a headless sphinx wrapped in a Persian shawl, when clad in the rich and diversified autumnal foliage of its woods." To the lush beauty of nature, Tanglewood added the spare beauty of modern architecture in 1938 with the 6,037-capacity Music Shed. This is Conductor Erich Leinsdorf's first season in the Shed, and he made his opening-week debut both bold and orthodox by performing a clutch of Mozart concertos and divertimenti never before played at Tanglewood. Says Leinsdorf: "There is nothing wrong in playing *Kismet* or *Rosemarie* for a while, but when it becomes a MUST, a forced alternative to digging into the late Beethoven quartets, then we have a big problem."

Bostonian rectitude may account for the absence of any seasonal letdown in



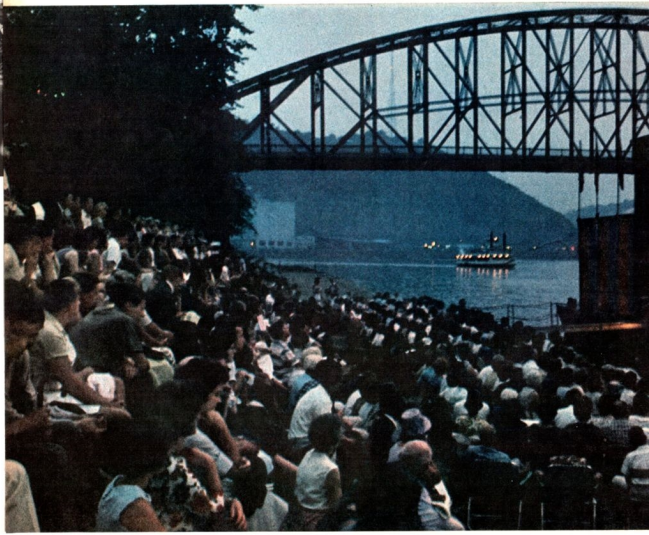
U.S. MUSIC FESTIVALS' most famed performances are Boston Symphony's series under Saarinen-designed canopy at Tanglewood, in

Lenox, Mass. Erich Leinsdorf, here conducting Mozart concerto with Pianist Rudolf Serkin, will present Britten's *War Requiem* on July 27.

JOHN MURDER - BLACK STAR

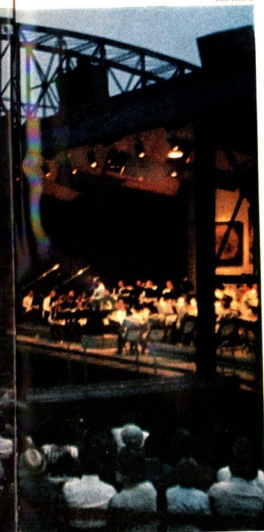
SANTA FE OPERA, now in its seventh year, attracted 22,000 last season, combines favorites like the production of *Die Fledermaus* with U.S. premières of such works as Berg's *Lulu*, scheduled for Aug. 7.

FLOATING CONCERT on a converted barge is provided by Pittsburgh's 47-piece American Wind Symphony, playing off home town's Point State Park. Orchestra will barge next along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.





CARL BRADY



ERIC SCHALL

JOHN GENDT



CENTRAL CITY Opera House in Colorado turns mining town (winter pop. 250) into music mecca with

a month's program of Mozart and Verdi. Here season is opened by Denver subdebs' hillside promenade.

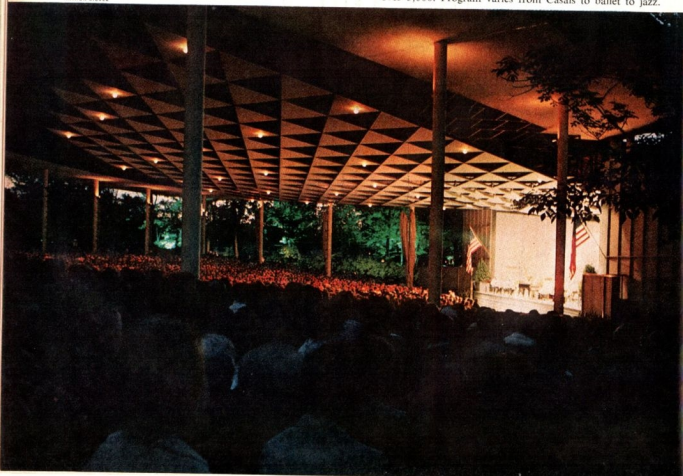


IVAN WASSER—BLACK STAR

JACOB'S PILLOW Dance Festival, in Lee, Mass., is celebrating 30th anniversary. Among dance troupes there this season is Spanish ballet company of Ximenez and Vargas.

ARTHUR SIEGEL

RAVINIA PAVILION, only half hour from downtown Chicago, was designed by Holabird, Root & Burgee to seat over 3,000. Program varies from Casals to ballet to jazz.



Paducah, Ky. (July 30, 31) and Stillwater, Minn. (Aug. 11).

The barge has been christened *Point Counterpoint*, and its showmanly musical skipper is Massachusetts-born, Juilliard-educated Robert Austin Boudreau, 36. Boudreau's orchestra is almost as unorthodox as its setting. It consists entirely of wind instruments (e.g., oboes, trumpets, French horns), percussion, and harp. Since orchestral music of this sort is a rarity, Boudreau has persistently commissioned and played new works. This gives his orchestra an astringently modern tone, but he tempers it with crowd pleasers like the *My Fair Lady* score.

Every member of the A.W.S. is under 30. Boudreau wants to excite the musical imagination of children by giving them a closeup of professionals at work. Last week he downed gangplank at Point Pleasant, W. Va., and the youngsters swarmed aboard and watched in wide-eyed bliss as orchestra members demonstrated their instruments.

• **JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL** (June 25-Sept. 1) is Biblically named after a round, imposing rock that still rests on the grounds of this once abandoned Lee, Mass., Colonial farm. Dancer-Founder Ted Shawn, 71, recalls that 50 people attended the first performance in a rustic barn-studio, and 45 of them were friends of F. Cowles Strickland, who inspired Shawn with the idea of starting what would become the leading U.S. dance festival. For this year's 70-performance season, an audience of 25,000 is expected. In the early days, Jacob's Pillow was a somewhat spartan and impromptu affair. There were no dressing rooms, and dancers sometimes had to make costume changes in the nearby bushes. Nowadays, a deceptively barnlike façade encloses a comfortable modern theater that seats 630; it is one of some 30 buildings occupied by students as well as performers.

Two dance groups are making their U.S. debuts: England's Western Theatre Ballet, a young, fresh-minded troupe that experiments with psychological dance drama, comedy and jazz as well as purely classic styles, and stars and soloists of the Paris Opera, who include Juan Guiliano, the versatile dancer of the now extinct Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas.

• **CINCINNATI'S SUMMER OPERA FESTIVAL** (June 19-July 21) is as casual and unpretentious as two of its most popular intermission refreshments—beer and popcorn. The unique setting may have something to do with it: the hilltop opera pavilion is located at the city zoo. "It isn't often you see grand opera next to the monkeys," says the opera association's president, John Magro. The animals make their presence and their preferences known. The ducks on the large lake directly behind the pavilion are partial to the death scene in *Traviata* and last season quacked right along with Soprano Mary Curtis-Verna all through it. The lions were so fond of

roaring along with the sopranos that the lion house had to be moved to another part of the zoo. Despite the comic relief, the "Zoo Opera" is a fairly venerable institution—it was founded in 1920. Met singers Licia Albanese, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera have been on hand for the current season, which opened with *Tosca* and closed with *Rigoletto*. One of this year's highlights: a sellout performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* by four Italian opera singers from Milan in honor of Composer Pietro Mascagni's 100th anniversary.

• **LEWISOHN STADIUM** (June 25-Aug. 10) summer concerts, originally conceived as a form of recreation for World War I servicemen, quickly expanded to give all of New York's worn, huddled and hectic masses a tension-free oasis where they could drink in the cultural delight and pellucid serenity of music. Since its inception in 1918, the Lewisohn concert series has fulfilled that function with zeal and occasional distinction. Of late, the masses seem to be flocking to the concrete-tiered stadium with somewhat less enthusiasm, and several topflight performers (Rubinstein, Isaac Stern and others) now shun it. For one thing, these and other artists are loath to face the New York critics under less than ideal conditions (too little rehearsal time, bad weather, bad acoustics). Concerts have dwindled from 65 in 1939 to 24 in 1962, attendance from 375,500 in 1939 to 194,500 in 1962, while the cost of the cheapest tickets has gone up from 25¢ to 75¢. Outstanding musical personalities have drawn remarkable crowds: Pinza (27,500), Belafonte (25,000), Joan Sutherland (over 20,000). No one expects Van Cliburn's 1963 opening-night figure of 14,000 to be topped this season. The concerts run an annual deficit of \$80,000 to \$100,000, but that is a minor problem as long as Lewisohn's spiritual and financial godmother, Minnie Guggenheimer, taps her who's-who list of rich, civic-minded New Yorkers.

• **RAVINA** (June 27-Aug. 11), on the outskirts of Chicago, operates on the theory that variety is the spice of musical life. Pablo Casals conducting his own oratorio *El Pesebre* has been followed by Folk Songsters Peter, Paul and Mary conducting 13,934 folkies into collective rapture. One night jazz holds court, with Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald; another night the classical reigns, as that 20th century master Igor Stravinsky conducts his own *Petrouchka* suite, the *Two Little Suites* and *Scherzo à La Russe*. To add the final touch of diversity, the New York City Ballet will appear Aug. 6-11, performing two of George Balanchine's latest ballets. The greatest U.S. prima ballerina, Maria Tallchief, has just rejoined the company.

• **ASPEN** (June 26-Aug. 25) is the headiest of the festivals. To begin with, it is 7,900 ft. above sea level amid Colorado's breathtaking Rocky Mountain scenery. The nine-week music festival runs in tandem with the skull-stretching



ALBANESE & MORELL AT CINCINNATI
Right next to the monkeys.

Institute for Humanistic Studies, where one may attend two-hour discussions on Aristotle's *Ethics* or Herman Kahn's thermonuclear theories. The music is just as uncompromising. A typical program may consist of a Bach suite, a Mozart piano concerto, and a trio of demanding modern works by Darius Milhaud, conducted by the artificially crippled composer from his wheelchair. All 40 of the visiting artists also teach, and among those present besides Milhaud this season are Met Opera Star Eleanor Steber and the renowned teacher of Van Cliburn, Rosina Lhevinne. By encouraging the festivalgoer to start the day with a brisk half-hour hike up the Roaring Fork or Castle Creek for a couple of hours of trout fishing in crystalline, pine-shaded streams, Aspen fosters one of the great classic ideals: *Mens sana in corpore sano*.



MILHAUD
In tandem with the skull stretchers.

SCIENCE

OCEANOGRAPHY

Home in the Deep

On the floor of the Red Sea, 45 feet below the surface near Port Sudan, the seven inhabitants of an underwater village celebrated last week the end of a full month beneath the waves. For the village's mayor, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, 53, co-inventor of the Aqua-Lung that made modern skin diving possible, it was a double-barreled occasion. Down on the bottom, he celebrated his 26th wedding anniversary, and his wife Simone dropped in with a cake in a water-proof container.

The houses of Cousteau's underwater village are strong-walled steel chambers, roughly cylindrical. One of them has four rooms off a central hall. Their air is supplied by pipeline from the surface, and their purpose is to prove in a preliminary way that men can lead submarine lives for long periods under increased air pressure and safely periodically into the water to explore, catch fish or perform scientific experiments. If they do not return to the low-pressure surface, they will not suffer from the divers' nightmare, "the bends," which is caused by bubbles of nitrogen released in the blood during decompression.

The underwater houses have most of the comforts of home, including air conditioning, sparkling modern kitchens, refrigerators, telephones and closed-circuit TV. When the inhabitants get bored with indoor life, they put on their skin diving apparatus and step through the "front door": a hole in the floor. Once outside, they can range freely, gathering tasty seafood to be cooked in the dream kitchens, never going near the surface. Every day during the month-long test, a doctor swam down from the mother ship *Calypso*, which

hovered overhead, and checked the villagers' health. Cousteau himself stayed topside on the *Calypso* most of the time. At the end of the month, he said, all of the men came up in mint condition.

Cousteau looks on the sea the way Daniel Boone looked in Kentucky, as a fine place to colonize. He thinks humans should do what porpoises, seals and other mammals have done already: adapt themselves to underwater living and beat the conservative fish at their own game. The Aqua-Lung, he says, is only the first step. It permits men to stay under water for considerable periods, but it involves a lot of expensive and bothersome apparatus. A better system, says Cousteau, would be to provide man with artificial "gills" through which his blood could flow and pick up oxygen. Even better would be a true *Homo aquaticus*, a fish-man able to get his oxygen directly from the water as the fish do.

Cousteau does not explain too clearly how this might be done, but there is nothing unscientific about his idea that men can live under water for considerable periods. He thinks that in the not too distant future, the sea bottom will be inhabited, perhaps by underwater farmers growing algae and undersea cattlemen herding seafood.

ELECTRONICS

Getting Under Your Skin

In General Electric's Space Sciences Laboratory at Valley Forge, Pa., they are wiring rats to radios that draw all their electrical power from the bodies of the rodents themselves.

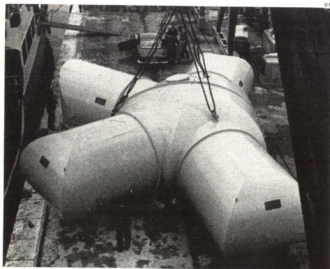
The faint electrical currents generated by living tissues, says G. E. Biologist John J. Konikoff, are nothing new. They have been used for many years in instruments, such as electrocardio-

graphs, to show the condition of the body, but the currents were too weak to consider as serious power sources. Now transistors and other miniature electronic devices, which use only infinitesimal amounts of current, have changed all that.

Working in Konikoff's laboratory, L. W. Reynolds implants corrosion-resistant electrodes in his rats, one of them just under the belly skin, the other in the abdominal cavity. Thin insulated wires lead out of the skin, and through them flows a current strong enough (155 microwatts) to run a miniature 500-kilocycle transmitter. The transmitter used at present is too big to put completely inside a rat, but the engineers believe that if it were reduced in size and tucked under the rat's skin, its body-powered signal would be easily heard several hundred yards away. The electrodes do not seem to bother the rat much. They have been tolerated for six months, one-sixth of a rat's normal lifetime, with no ill effects.

Using rabbits and dogs, Konikoff plans to put the whole works, electrodes and transmitter, inside the skin and leave the package there for long periods, the transmitter broadcasting all the time. The ultimate purpose is to develop body-powered devices for use inside humans. One possibility is the "pacemaker," which gives electrical timing to ailing hearts. Existing pacemakers tucked into human bodies get their electricity from small batteries that must be replaced periodically by a surgical operation. This should not be necessary, says Konikoff. The body's own electricity can keep a pacemaker running indefinitely.

Another possibility is an internal telemetering system to report vital information such as heart beat, blood pressure, brain waves, etc. A man with such a device healed inside his skin would need to trail no wires. His physical condition could be checked from a distance without his knowing that a doctor was listening to his insides.



SUBMARINE HOUSE
Tomorrow, gills?



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ROSE'S LIME COLLINS: Tall, cool and classic. 3 parts of gin, rum or vodka, 1 part of Rose's Lime Juice. Pour over ice in a highball glass. Squeeze full of soda. Stir clockwise four times, anticlockwise twice. Add a hint of mint. **ROSE'S TONIC:** Enlivening, refreshing and different. A jigger of gin or vodka, pour over ice in a highball glass. Add a dash of Rose's for flavor. Top with quinine water. Stir. And again. Popular way to keep a party popping.

ROSE'S LIME COOLER: Guaranteed to cool the hottest heads in town! Pour 1 or 2 jiggers of Rose's Lime Juice into a very tall glass. Fill with water or soda. Add ice. Stir gently... Thirst-slaker supreme. **ROSE'S WHISKEY SOUR:** Quickest way out of the doghouse... 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, 4 parts whiskey (her favorite rye, bourbon or Scotch). Add ice. Shake. Strain into a sour glass. Add a cherry. See her smile?

LAGER AND LIME: Considered quite the thing in Britain. Take 1 cool, sparkling lager beer. Add Rose's... merely a dash, don't stir, except to lift the glass. Even brings Englishmen out of the midday sun.

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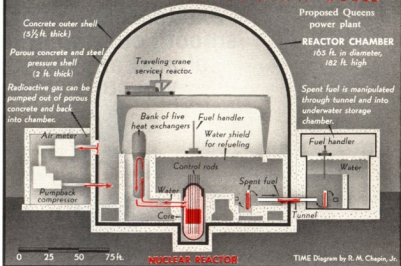
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Nuclear Power for New York



NUCLEAR ENERGY

Atoms Downtown

Nuclear power plants make some people nervous, reminding them of atom bombs. So the Atomic Energy Commission is facing a tough decision: whether to let such plants be built inside big cities. All eleven of the nuclear electricity generators built so far are located outside heavily populated areas, but New York's Consolidated Edison Co. wants to build a million-kilowatt nuclear plant in the heart of New York City, only two miles from Rockefeller Center. If AEC grants this request and others like it that will follow, it will surely arouse protests from nervous neighbors. If it refuses them, it will slow the development of cheap nuclear electricity, which it is charged with hastening.

Water Upstairs. Downtown nuclear plants are attractive for several reasons. They pour no smoke, fly ash or combustion gases into a city's overburdened atmosphere. Since they are close to load-centers, they need no long and costly transmission lines. What is equally important in crowded urban areas, a two-year supply of uranium fuel for a million-kilowatt plant can be stored in the space of an average living room.

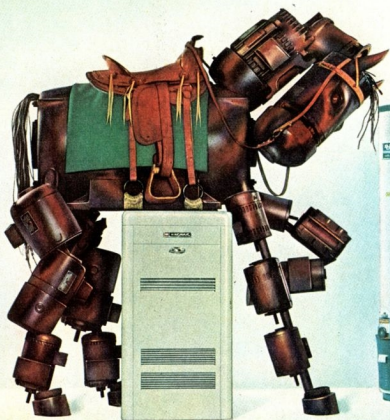
But there is potential danger in any nuclear plant. After it has run for a while, the fuel in its core (Con Ed plans to use 113 tons of uranium oxide) is contaminated with fiercely radioactive fission products. If this unpleasant stuff got spread around the countryside by any sort of explosion, it would do as much harm as the fallout from an atom bomb. Millions of people live within a few miles of Con Ed's projected installation. To reduce this danger to a minimum, the plant proposed for the Borough of Queens, on New York's East River, will have fantastically elab-

orate safeguards. The reactor core will be housed in a pressure shell of steel 12½ in. thick, weighing 627 tons. It will be fitted with numerous devices to shut it down instantly if anything goes wrong. Above the reactor are reservoirs of water doped with a "poison" that stops a chain reaction by absorbing neutrons. In the unlikely event that the pressure shell ruptures, the water will flood down and douse the reaction.

Big Dome. Even the dousing fluid will be safely confined, for the whole works will be housed in a vast domed vessel 182 ft. high and 165 ft. in diameter, with inner walls made of two layers of steel one-quarter inch thick separated by 2 ft. of porous concrete. Pumps will draw from the concrete any radioactive gas that seeps into it. And outside all this will be 5½ ft. of concrete strongly reinforced with a network of steel bars. The great dome will be strong enough, say Con Ed engineers, to hold the most violent explosion that could possibly happen inside, and it will be tight enough to keep any trace of radioactive gas from reaching the outdoors. In normal operation, except for diluted gases discharged up a 500-ft. smokestack and harmless amounts of waste washed away by the swift currents of the East River, no trace of radioactivity will escape from the plant. Says Harland C. Forbes, Con Ed's board chairman: "I think it represents the ultimate in safety."

Still, old fears die hard, and proponents of Con Ed's scheme last week were resigned to a bitter battle against the whole idea. The AEC has not yet given its approval, and bills have been introduced in New York City Council against nuclear power plants within the city limits. Until these are cleared away, Con Ed's bold plans will remain just plans.

Another page from the A. O. Smith story



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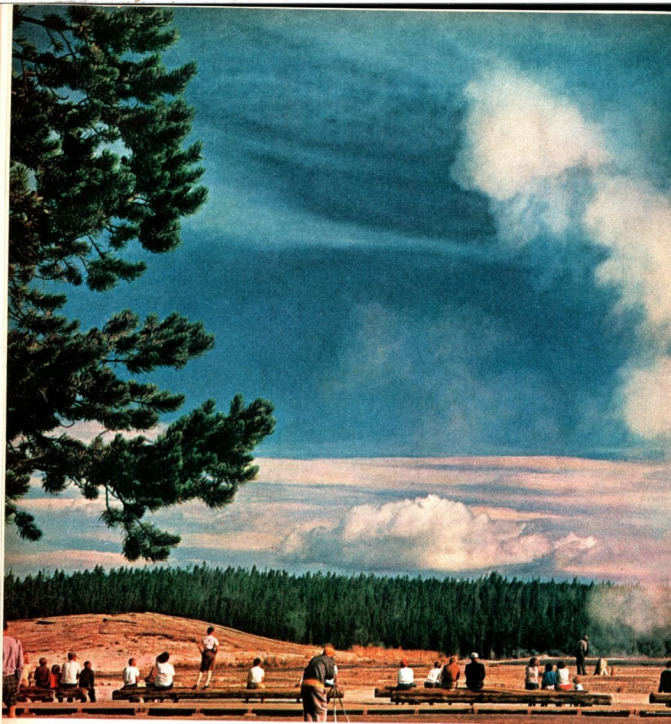
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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

Idols Junior Grade

Scheduled to go before the cameras soon is a Frank Sinatra Enterprises epic obligingly titled (in return for a Pepsi-Cola national publicity plug) *For Those Who Think Young*. The stars are Sinatra and Martin—not Frankie and Dean, oddly, but a pair called Nancy and Claudia. Nancy is 23, Claudia 19, and the very thought of their names in lights makes the whole Clan feel old.

A lot of other Hollywood citizens have reason to feel old this season. Suddenly the desks of casting directors seem awash with the names of celebrities' kids bent on making their own names. Some of them have genuine talent, some are riding on a parental reputation built 30 years ago. But because of who their mothers or daddies were, all of them get a hearing—and some may even be heard from. Among the more promising:

► Bronwyn FitzSimons, 19, looks markedly the way her mother, Maureen O'Hara, did 20 years ago. Bronwyn has five television credits and one film (*Spencer's Mountain*) behind her, is currently interested in a singing career. She has the sure instinct of the Hollywood child for PR-Man's English: "I sing, I dance, I'm starting a record company. I act, I work in an office, I golf. I'm a refined cut-up."

► Jim Mitchum, 22, has progressed through bit parts to star billing in Carl Foreman's *The Victors*. He is a heavy-lidded, torpid replica of Actor Robert Mitchum, but with little of his father's suggestion of latent energy and smoldering violence.

► Julie Payne, 23, daughter of Actor John Payne, professes to look on the movie industry as one long bitter pill, but after going through five drama coaches, has turned in a creditable performance in *The Best of Everything*.

► Frank Sinatra Jr. has gone summer-touring with the Tommy Dorsey band, and with his nasal intonation and easy delivery almost convinces listeners that they are back at the Paramount Theatre, circa 1940.

► Anna Massey, 25, Raymond's hazel-eyed daughter, won rave reviews in the London production of *The Miracle Worker*, added to her reputation in the Gielgud-Richardson School for *Scandal*, is now starred in a revival of *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Equally talented is her brother Daniel, 29, whose wit and whimsy set the fairy-tale mood of Broadway's airy musical *She Loves Me*.

► Liza Minnelli, 17, daughter of Judy Garland, displayed a familiar, huskily tremulous voice and an engagingly energetic style in the off-Broadway revival of *Best Foot Forward*, was promptly signed to a record contract and offered her pick of parts in several films and half a dozen future Broadway musicals.

► Danny Milland, 23, is launching a television career with his first bit parts. He is a towering 6 ft. 6 in. Says his father Ray: "They're going to have to dig a trench hole for him whenever he's got a short leading lady."

► Marlo Thomas, 23, daughter of Comedian Danny Thomas, "started out to be quite normal and almost made it," but eventually turned from English teaching to a starring part in the Hollywood Civic Playhouse's *Sunday in New York*.

► Maureen Reagan, 21, daughter of Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, will shortly make her screen debut in something called *Hootenanny Hoot*.

► Tracy Wynn, 18, belongs with his brother Ned, 22, to the third generation of stage-struck Wynns (preceded by Father Keenan and Grandfather Ed). Tracy has his first stage role this summer (in San Diego's La Jolla Playhouse dramatization of *Tom Sawyer*), but he never had much doubt about his career. When his interest occasionally wandered from the theater, he recalls, his mother would "remind me that we were a theatrical family and that that's where I ought to be."

► Robin Corey, 18, is a brown-haired beauty who recently made her TV debut on Father Wendell Corey's *Eleventh Hour* show.

► Geraldine Chaplin, 18, ballerina daughter of Charlie Chaplin and Oona O'Neill, plans a professional career, has danced before the Queen Mother.

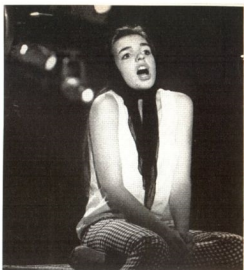
► Monika Henreid, 20, daughter of Actor-Director Paul Henreid, has appeared as a cocktail lounge singer and in several television shows, will soon appear in her father's forthcoming *Dead Ringer* (with Bette Davis and Karl Malden). Her father once made an evaluation of her talents that stands as a classic of celebrity kinsmanship. "I think she is enormously talented," he said, wooden-faced. "I don't say that because I'm her father."

TELEVISION

From the Same Tube

All kinds of people used to go fishing who don't have to go any more. Not people in rubber boots who read *Field & Stream*, but the old bamboo-pole fishermen who half the time forgot to bait their hooks and just sat there for hours and hours staring at the same 21-in. patch of water. As the current moved, the patch was never the same from second to second but always the same in every tomorrow. Now all those fishermen are sitting at home staring into a 21-in. patch of glass.

The old shows have gone downstream this spring in large numbers, but the new ones that will replace them next season are from the same tube. Situation comedies will reach a bit farther than ever. CBS offers *My Favor-*

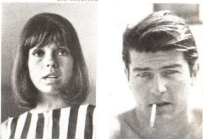


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ite Martian, about a marooned Martian who gets into comic scrapes with a newspaperman. Paul Henning, creator of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, starts a new yokel yarn called *Petticoat Junction*, about a widow and three calico daughters. *Burke's Law* (ABC) stars a millionaire police detective who tools around in a Rolls-Royce when off duty and whips up soufflé Grand Marnier for snacks. Gene Barry, who plays the flush cop, learned how to shoot when he was TV's old Bat Masterson.

Back to Quiz. NBC will also begin a drama series about a blackboard-jungle Tarzan, *Mr. Novak*, with James Franciscus as the muscular teach. Then the viewer can graduate to ABC's *Channing*, a university with ivy and all—"a world in microcosm," says ABC, "reflecting an alltime interest in the college scene." Thus prepared, the viewer is at last ready for the first big-money quiz show in five years. ABC, figuring TV has outlived the shame of its scandals, has plunged on a new quiz program named for its top take, *100 Grand*. The network nostalgically insists that there are "built-in safeguards that guarantee the integrity of the contest."

An interesting first is back-to-back programming, exemplified by a 90-minute ABC show titled *Arrest and Trial* broken into two 45-minute parts. A different criminal each week is captured by Detective Ben Gazzara in *Arrest*, then sprung by Defense Attorney Chuck Connors in *Trial*, thus effectively canceling out 90 minutes of effort.

Psychiatry & Wolves. Hoping to catch some of the popularity slosh from NBC's *Eleventh Hour* and *Hazel*, ABC has a new 50-minute hour on psychiatry called *Breaking Point*, and NBC has hired Imogene Coca to play an itinerant maid named *Grindl*, who drops dishes in a different job each week. Other shows are not so imitative. NBC's *Espionage* has no continuing star, just a succession of eager wolves in Bond clothes, and CBS's *The Great Adventure* will be a series of stories from American history, including Barney Oldfield, Civil War submarines, Sitting Bull, the crash of the dirigible *Akron*, Boss Tweed, etc.

Ben Gazzara and Imogene Coca are only the beginning of a queue of stars that has been lined up for '63-'64. Judy Garland has a new regular program, and so, for the first time, does Danny Kaye, both on CBS. *East Side, West Side* is the CBS-TV series to which Actor George C. Scott has mortgaged himself in order to pay for his gallant theatrical experiment, the Theater of Michigan Company. He plays a social worker. *The Bill Dana Show* (NBC) stars the man who created José Jiménez but presents José in a new role—as a Manhattan elevator operator in a posh cooperative. *The Richard Boone Show* (NBC) is a series of hour-long original dramas with Clifford Odets as script supervisor. Jerry Lewis will begin



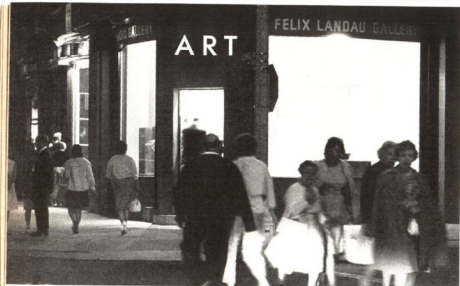
IMOGENE COCA
Catching the slosh.

a weekly variety series on ABC. ABC's *The Greatest Show on Earth* stars Jack Palance, with props by Ringling Bros. Phil (Bilko) Silvers is back on CBS in a series in which he plays an industrial foreman. Patty Duke has her own show too, a situation comedy in which she plays two roles, an American girl and her Scottish cousin.

More or Less? In public-affairs programming, Charles Collingwood's *Eye-witness* has been ended by CBS, and Chet Huntley and David Brinkley are giving up their regularly scheduled programs on NBC. This could appear to signify the beginning of a swing back to the old cretinic days before the scandals forced the networks to adopt a strong interest in public affairs in order to rebuild TV's shattered image. It merely indicates a shift in emphasis, the industry insists.

Next season both NBC and CBS will be offering full half-hour news broadcasts each evening. As a result, public affairs will actually command more network evening time next season than it did in the past one. Additionally, NBC plans 40 hours of public-affairs specials, and a new hour-long show called *Sunday*, which will cover political, cultural and scientific news something in the fashion of a weekly newsmagazine. CBS has a new show called *Chronicle* that will consist of frequent specials on everything from the two world wars and innumerable revolutions of the 20th century to the life of Edgar Allan Poe. ABC has replaced Howard K. Smith and his contentious comments with a half-hour of commentary by assorted specialists.

NBC's and CBS's news staffs have grown in preparation for the daily 30-minute newscasts, and the great curly-haired gods of current events are not at all sorry to be giving up their own weekly shows, since they are losing neither exposure nor income; they will be the oracular voices of the specials and the casters of the daily news.



PROMENADERS IN LOS ANGELES

It's a big two hours from Henry Moore to Billy Al.

Monday Night on La Cienega

Under a blue velvet sky of a summer's evening lies Los Angeles' broad La Cienega Boulevard, a street of restaurants in unearthly shapes, of neon in colors not known elsewhere, of low white buildings—a street, in sum, of vast self-assurance. Of all the streets in the endless palm-and-asphalt plains that stretch from Pasadena to Long Beach, this is where the Los Angeles art galleries cluster, and every Monday night a large crowd gathers to go to them. From all over come matrons out for culture, art students, kids on an inexpensive date, a scattering of beatniks. There are even some artists, recognizable by their uniform: paint-splattered jeans, workmen's shirts, big brown belts for hooking thumbs into.

The Tradition. The idea that every Monday night should be open house on La Cienega began two years ago when two dealers decided to hold simultaneous Monday night openings in the hope of attracting bigger crowds. In time other galleries decided to stay open too, and now none dare to close on Monday for fear of public wrath. Monday night on La Cienega is quite possibly not only the best free show in town but also one of the most popular institutions in Los Angeles County. It has its own traditions: a sculpture of a crouching nude girl outside one shop bristles with notes that have been tucked under her arm, into the crooks of knees and elbows. The young lady has been adopted by the La Cienega crowd as a bulletin board through which friend can tell friend which gallery he may be in at any particular time.

Last week the 22 exhibitions ran the gamut of modernism, from a show of Arp and Henry Moore sculpture at the distinguished Felix Landau Gallery to paintings by Pop Artist Billy Al Bengston at the Ferus Gallery. Billy Al does canvases with titles like *Rock*, *Troy*, *Tyrene*, *Sterling*. One called *Fabian* con-



NUDE BULLETIN BOARD

Look behind the ear for a message.

sists of large master-sergeant stripes against a background of orange and blue-grey doughnut shapes. It is social comment, Billy Al explains: everyone wants to be topkick. At the Heritage Gallery, a lumpy figurative painting by Rod Briggs lets out wails every time a viewer's shadow falls upon its built-in electric eye.

Misty Idealism. Even though jammed galleries do not often bring big sales, the dealers on La Cienega are apt to speak of Monday night with a sort of misty idealism. "The Monday night promenade," says Jerry Jerome, a one-time furniture salesman who is now co-owner of the Ceeje Gallery, "helps us to familiarize people without any sense of artistic values with what is being done here." It is, of course, a big two hours between Henry Moore and Billy Al, and just where the La

Cienega crowd's values lie at closing time, no one can say. But it is certain that the crowd will be back on future Mondays, for art and people and that velvet sky make a subtle and charming combination.

"He Had a Sun in His Head"

When the centennial of Delacroix's birth rolled around in 1898, France made nothing of the occasion for, as impressionism grew in favor, paintings of the great romantic offended public taste. Now, on the centennial of his death, it seems as if the art world cannot hear or see enough of Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix. A spate of articles has appeared in the art magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, and at least three new books on him are coming out.* Earlier this year Toronto put on a Delacroix retrospective, and last week six memorial exhibitions were running in Paris.

The biggest was in the main galleries of the Louvre, where 165 of his oils, including many borrowed from distant museums, are on show. They go to prove what a close friend of Delacroix said about him shortly after his death: "He had a sun in his head and storms in his heart. He played upon the whole keyboard of human passions."

Wild and exotic music came from that keyboard: scenes of massacre and battle and hell. There were (see color) the funeral chorals of his Hamlets, the lyric melancholy of some of his portraits, the emotional rhythms of his still lifes. History has cast Delacroix in the role of the great romanticist pitted against Ingres, France's great classicist. Yet for all his passion, he was a man of intellect who never surrendered to unbridled emotion. "Reason must control all our infirmities," he said.

"Exigent Mistress." Eugène Delacroix burst upon Paris at the age of 24 when he exhibited in the Salon his tortured scene of hell, *Dante and Virgil*. The painting was viciously attacked by some of the critics, but the government of France bought it all the same—a purchase so out of character for bureaucratic establishments as to inspire a generally accepted conjecture that Delacroix was the illegitimate son of Talleyrand, the French foreign minister.

In his famous *Journal*, Delacroix records a number of love affairs, but the only one that lasted was with his "exigent mistress," painting. Wherever he looked—into an overcast sky, at a news item about a Turkish massacre, into the fragile face of his friend Chopin, or even into his own mirror—he saw things that addressed themselves "to the most intimate part of the soul." He was an expert draftsman who told his students, "If you are not clever enough to do a sketch of a man throwing himself out of a window during the time it takes him to fall from the fourth floor to the ground, you will never be able to

* Including a vivid *Pictorial Biography* by Yvonne Deslandres (Viking).

DELACROIX: The Giant of French Romanticism



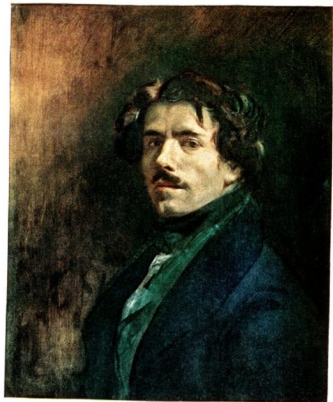
LOUVRE MUSEUM

PREOCCUPATION WITH DEATH is exemplified by *Hamlet and Horatio at the Cemetery*. Scene is set in burial ground near Toulon, town where Delacroix was quarantined during outbreak of 1832 plague.

SELF-PORTRAIT shows Delacroix as Novelist Théophile Gautier once described him—an artist with “a face of fierce beauty, exotic, almost disturbing.”



FREDERIC CHOPIN, the composer, was painted as lost in thought or seized by sudden inspiration.



"STILL LIFE WITH LOBSTER" is anything but still, incorporates all of Delacroix's macabre gusto.

What looks at first glance like a sporting scene, turns out to be a magnificently composed massacre.

do the big stuff." Yet he was above all the master of color who raised it, as the late Walter Pach said, "from an accessory to a completely expressive role"—from prop, that is, to performer.

"Catos & Brutuses." Compared with other artists, his travels were offbeat. He made no pilgrimage to Greece or Rome; instead he went to England, where he fell under the spell of the landscapists, notably Constable, who taught him how to give color increased intensity by breaking it up into fragments so that it would seem to vibrate. He found the glories of Greece and Rome not in the marble masterpieces of museums but in the antique civilization of Morocco, where man seemed to him to be so many "Catos and Brutuses." Whereas in other artists a love of antiquity resulted in a cool neoclassicism, it became in Delacroix a lush and dazzling orientalism. Similarly—though Delacroix's French conscience hated to admit it—he found nothing to move him in the measured verses of Racine but a whole world of inspiration in the hot-blooded visions of Shakespeare.

The fact that Delacroix drew on literary sources has confounded modern critics, for today storytelling is, as Critic Roy McMullen has pointed out, "the hobgoblin of modernism: since 1863 painters have been ashamed of reading." The question then arises as to whether Delacroix was essentially a Renaissance artist with whom the Renaissance tradition came to an end, or whether his chief importance lies in his being a precursor of modernism. The answer, says Art Historian Françoise Cachin, is that he was both, for he greatly influenced the generation that made the break between painting and literature final.

"Most Beautiful Palette." The impressionists and Cézanne, says Critic Cachin, insisted that Delacroix had "the most beautiful palette in French painting." Rodin admired him "as the painter of movement," and Renoir considered Delacroix "the essential link" between him and Rubens and Titian. Seurat said of his theory of color that "it represents the most rigorous application of scientific principles interpreted through a personality." Matisse and Van Gogh had Delacroix reproductions on their walls, and Kandinsky was in debt to Delacroix when he began formulating his theory on the correlation of color and the states of the human soul.

Thus 100 years after his death, Delacroix is getting the best of both reputations. Like today's action painters, he felt that a painting had a life of its own and that the artist "must always take into account improvisation." But if a work of art was an object with independent life, it was also a window into the heart. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "The smile of a dying man! The look in the mother's eyes! The embraces of despair! Precious realm of painting! That silent power that speaks at first only to the eyes and then seizes and captivates every faculty of the soul!"

Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

IT MAY BE HERESY to voice a word of caution at a time when changes in data processing, accounting procedures and system recording are finding acceptance with management people

almost without challenge.

The fact is, however, that one important element of *managing* a business assumes the ability to compare operating figures from one year to the next. *Abrupt* changes in recording and interpretation of data can often mean loss of control and knowledge.

We've tried to avoid this confusion by *planning* such changes in an orderly sequence. Moving year by year into improved methods means that guide lines change gradually. This insures that managers are able to draw meaningful comparisons between the results for the current year and preceding years.

Moreover, these procedural changes themselves—when initiated in an orderly fashion—not only cause less confusion but are less likely to require further modification. Data processing people say that a computer is no better than the information fed to it, that inefficient data will always produce inefficient results.* This being so, we think it well worth the time to insure that our data remain both useful and comparable. Within that boundary, we think changes in methods are always valuable.

*IBM uses *LIPO* language to describe such inefficiency. They call it *GIGO*—Garbage In, Garbage Out!

* * *

Until something more exotic comes along, mud will continue to be most important to oil well drilling. To control its flow, our Edward Valves division produces the Mudwonder, a heavy-duty resilient-seal gate valve that has become almost a byword in drilling operations. Now Edward has come up with an air-cylinder operated version of the Mudwonder permitting mud flow to be controlled remotely from the driller's console. This saves time in setting the casing, since a crewman no longer has to be sent to the valve. It also eliminates any chance that instructions might be misunderstood.

* * *

The "do-it-yourself" movement is finding acceptance in other parts of the world these days. In Hamburg, Germany, for instance, a new "Do-it-yourself" Center displays typical home workshop arrangements, offers ideas and counsel, demonstrates modern power tools such as those in our Rockwell line. Interesting too is the fact that, in the absence of a German equivalent, the English phrase, "do-it-yourself" is commonly used.

* * *

Our Rockwell taximeter business led us five years ago to establish the Rockwell Public Service Award. The award this year, made to drivers for outstanding contributions to public welfare in the taxi industry, are particularly interesting. One taxi award-winning driver averted tragedy by stopping a runaway bus. Another aided detectives in a bullet-studded hit-and-run chase. Other awards were for help in nailing a hit-and-run driver, rescuing two passengers from a flaming cab, and to a man who set up a blood bank among his fellow drivers.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh 8, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



100,000...150,000...200,000 MILES

Truckers, we'll give you \$1.50 worth of mileage for every dollar you spend on our new Jet Cargo.

This great new truck tire actually delivers a whopping 50% more mileage. It stops rigs 7% faster. Cuts noisy rumble. Halts tread cracking and clogging. And it's rolling now... on America's best trucks. It should be on yours.

We engineered this tire to exceed the original equipment requirements of America's largest truck makers.

First, it averages 50% more mileage than any other regular truck tire on drive, steering or trailer wheels. Up to 200,000 original miles are now possible.

Second, new Super Nygen Cord makes it run cooler at high speeds even under heavy loads. Recap possibilities are tremendous.

Finally, it puts 19% more bite in its traction be-

cause it puts that much more working tread on the road. Groove void is only 10% of the surface compared with the usual 22%. The heavier, huskier shoulder gives it a wide, flat footprint. And exclusive teardrop grooving stops tread cracking and clogging.

Yet it runs quiet. 51% quieter by actual sound-meter test.

Make your next tires Jet Cargos. Where else can you get a \$1.50 value for every dollar you invest?

THE ALL-NEW GENERAL JET CARGO
with new miracle-mileage Duragen rubber



THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY



"IS IT HARD TO GET IN THE SECRET SERVICE?"



"HE'S CANCELING MY SUBSCRIPTION TO JACK & JILL!"



"IT SAYS I'M RICH, LOVABLE, AND WILL BE THE 38TH PRESIDENT."

COMICS

Just a Kid in a Big White House

A new comic being offered to U.S. dailies may not be enjoyed very much by the adult occupants at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. But *Miss Caroline*—the story in single cartoon panels of a little girl who lives in a big white house—has already been sold to 13 dailies,* and will doubtless pick up more before its scheduled debut in comic pages in November.

Miss Caroline is the whimsical, affectionate brainchild of Gerald Gardner, 34, the former Manhattan adman who soared to publishing success of sorts last year with his bestselling, cartoon-like picture paperback *Who's In Charge Here?* Teaming up with Artist Frank Johnson, 32, Gardner began tinkering with the *Miss Caroline* cartoon idea last autumn, gave it a trial run with a 128-page paperback of single cartoon panels, which has sold 250,000 copies since it was published last January, and then showed samples to newspapers.

Gardner did not check his idea with the White House, and confidently ex-

* Including such prominent newspapers as the Boston Globe, Washington Daily News, Cleveland Press, Indianapolis Star.

pects no trouble. Indeed, his new character is drawn not to resemble any specific little girl by the same name, and whenever "Miss Caroline" is with her parents, they are pictured only from the neck or waist down. But when her creators have her plowing up her vegetable garden because Daddy tells her there is a surplus, or throwing down a newspaper because "Walter Lippmann doesn't understand me," there is no chance of mistaken identity.

THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Covering It like a Tent

The main driveway of Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda's official residence seemed an odd place for tents. But there they were last week, 25 of them, decked with flags and swarming with excited men who periodically would rush out to surround a cringing dignitary as he emerged through Ikeda's front door. Shoving, pushing, often pummeling its victim into speechlessness, the throng would shout at the man for a few minutes, then, its business done, make an equally frantic rush back for the tents. Was it a circus or a riot?

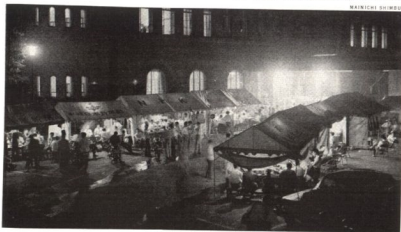
Not quite either. It was the Tokyo press corps covering a Cabinet shakeup.

Each time a Japanese Prime Minister has reshuffled his Cabinet in recent years, he has announced his intention in advance to the press, then retreated behind the massive doors of his official residence to receive the parliamentary possibilities one by one. And each time the Tokyo reporters have rushed over to cover the story, setting up a *tento mura* (tent village) outside his door for the day-and-night vigil that sometimes goes on and on for weeks.

Last week, as Ikeda once again began the laborious Cabinet-building process, hundreds of reporters from the papers and from Japan's TV and radio stations were on duty. Some whiled away the time with games of chess and mah-jongg inside the tents. Others dozed on cots or chatted idly with their colleagues, trying to beat the summer heat with bottles of cold beer, which they bring to *tento mura* by the case. When word was flashed by walkie-talkie radio from the agent inside the P.M.'s foyer, the press corps rushed out to extract the news from Ikeda's latest visitor.

In their extraordinary zeal to get every uttered word, reporters have left many of the bigwigs bruised. A couple of years ago, when one was struck dumb by the mob scene, someone in the press corps doused him with a bucket of water. Others have had their teeth chipped by the microphones that are thrust in their faces, and there has been more than one black eye from a swinging elbow. Onetime Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida was so incensed by the reporters' aggressive questioning that he whacked one of them with his walking stick as he left his mansion.

Last week's *tento mura* was the biggest ever, and the usual carnival air hung over the scene. But, alas, Ikeda's Cabinet problem was speedily resolved, and the tents came down after only two days. Sighed one disappointed reporter: "Now I have to go home to my wife. In the good old days we could count on being away much longer. There's something about a tent village that's invigorating. You just can't have a new Cabinet without it."



TOKYO'S "TENTO MURA"
Always beer, and sometimes bruises.

GULF SOUTH

...for a GREAT Vacation

Pack up the family and come to the fascinating Gulf South for an exciting summer or early fall vacation. Enjoy the bright, white beaches along the Gulf of Mexico, visit historic old battle-grounds, drive through miles of cotton, rice or sugar cane fields. You'll find it a wonderful area for a family vacation. And while you're here, investigate the advantages offered to industry in the dynamic Gulf South — the portions of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, southern Alabama and northwestern Florida served by United Gas.

**UNITED
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CORPORATION

Serving the Gulf South

HEADQUARTERS:
SHREVEPORT, LA.

SURF N' SAND

(Below) Magnificent beach at Pensacola, Florida, with foaming surf and the whitest sand you've ever seen, attracts thousands of visitors in summer and winter alike. Pensacola is also the center of a vast industrial complex holding great opportunity for other new plants.

COTTON PICKIN'

(Above) Camera-totin' visitors grow enthusiastic over cotton-pickin' scenes like this in Northwest Louisiana. Principal city of the area is growing Shreveport, second largest city in Louisiana, trading center of the Ark-La-Tex and home of United Gas.



NEW CONCEPTS...in concrete



... Church Design

This church will thrust solidly from the surrounding sculptured earth—a subtle union of ancient temple structure and modern architectural shapes. The design concept features the roof and its supporting structural form; walls and floors become enclosing elements within this form.

To give substance to this new concept, concrete was the logical choice. Concrete for a massive boldness that proclaims endurance. Concrete that gives strength with structural simplicity. And concrete because, better than any other material, it can be easily molded into a variety of structural shapes—ornate or simple—to give the fullest possible scope to the imagination of the architect.

The basic ingredient of all concrete is cement. Lehigh provides it from plants in 11 states. Whether it's used in a new interstate highway or a fresh architectural concept, cement is the vital part of anything concrete. Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Pa.

Model of Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church,
Bridgeville, Pa. to be completed in 1964.
Architect: Tasso Kataclas, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Four giant columns support two sculptured beams which carry precast roof members. Masonry walls stop free of columns and support the precast floor system. Various ceiling levels permit a most pleasing and unusual flow of natural light into the church. Nave will seat 350 people.

LEHIGH
CEMENTS



HYDROFOIL "ALBATROSS" WINGING TOWARD WALL STREET
Out of the water and into the soup.

MODERN LIVING

TRANSPORT

Just Above Water

First hydrofoil craft to enter regular commuter service in the U.S. is the good ship *Albatross*, which last week made her maiden voyage on the Port Washington, L.I.-Wall Street run. Departure time: 8:20 a.m. She was laden with suburban-dwelling executives, plus a tape recorder, individual transistor radios, an electric shaver, ship-to-shore telephone, champagne and high hopes. But on the planned 50-minute trip from the Club Capri Marina to lower Manhattan, virtually nothing went right.

Except the *Albatross*. Her extruded aluminum foils lifted the hull several feet above the waves, her speed crept up to 32 m.p.h., and she went winging across the surface of Long Island Sound like the hydrodynamic sea bird she is. Then—shades of the Ancient Mariner!—the debut was dampened by another hard-luck story. Off Hewlett Point lay a disabled cabin cruiser with smoke pouring from its engine compartment. It was the *Bobbilee II*, owned by Investment Banker Robert Lehman, and aboard as Lehman's guests were Movie Mogul Samuel Goldwyn and his wife.

Drip-Dry Adventure. "I've made pictures with less excitement in them," huffed Goldwyn. "There we were in the middle of the ocean trying to stop boats. My wife was very disturbed. I was wondering how I was going to swim ashore. Finally, this odd-looking boat came along—something new. It swung around and picked us up. Later on, the fellow who picked us up fell in the water."

Hero of Goldwyn's sea saga was *Albatross* Owner Ira E. Dowd, president of American Hydrofoil Lines. During a subsequent stop in the East River,

flagged down by a Coast Guard patrol boat, Dowd clambered topside to report details of the rescue, lost his footing and slipped overboard. It was 9:55 a.m. when the *Albatross* spewed her tardy commuters into Wall Street, 45 minutes late. All declared themselves staunchly in favor of hydrofoil commuting, though it takes nearly as long and costs approximately three times more (\$100 a month) than commuting from Port Washington via the overland route on the Long Island Rail Road. Three days afterward, however, the heroic *Albatross* was late again, when her engine conked out for ten minutes.

Outside the U.S., hydrofoils have been carrying passengers on regularly scheduled runs for nearly ten years. By lifting the hull out of the water, the hydrofoils reduce water resistance enormously, permit speeds of up to 90 m.p.h. Japan has a fleet of them. Italy (where the first known hydrofoil was invented some 60 years ago by Enrico Forlanini) has ferry service across the Strait of Messina, also on the Gulf of Naples and Lago di Garda. Hydrofoils are fairly common in the Soviet Union. Others skim along the Riviera and between several islands of the Aegean. Three hydrofoils ferry tourists on the Nile between Aswan and Abu Simbel.

Some Foiled Plots. But for some reason, hydrofoil development has lagged in the U.S. In 1960, the Maritime Administration ordered a \$5,000,000 hydrofoil from Grumman Aircraft, intended for a high-speed ferry run between Miami and the Bahamas. But the handsome 100-ft. boat has never gone into service. "There are no 'bugs,'" insists a Grumman spokesman. "We just need the right type of financing." One abortive attempt was made to run an Italian-built vessel between Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, but the boat



LEHMAN (REAR) & SAM GOLDWYN'S

proved unfit for the open-sea route. Still at the blueprint stage is a hydrofoil ferry connecting Seattle and Vancouver. In addition, the Navy has two in operation, which are being tested for possible use in antisubmarine warfare.

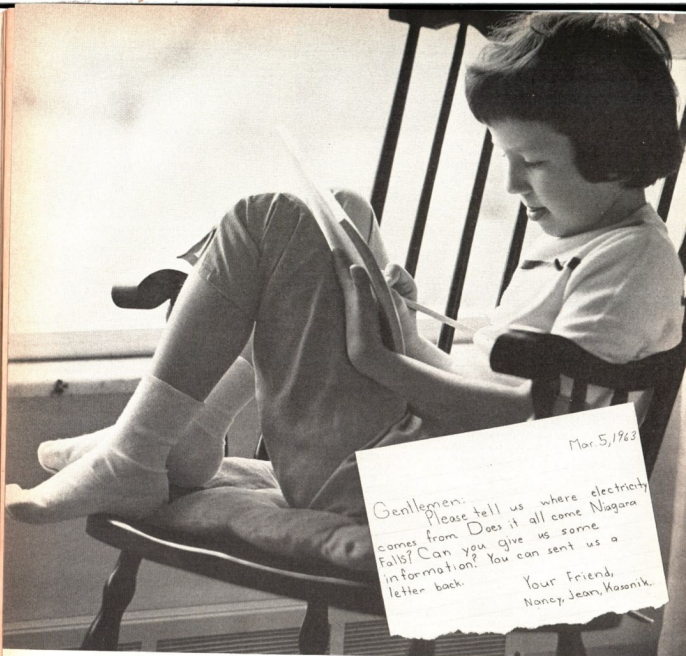
Now Hydrofoiler Dowd is making big plans to get the boats above water. By next April, his company hopes to have 35 new commuter specials splashing out of Long Island, Westchester and New Jersey ports at monthly fares more nearly competitive with those of the railroads. Another Manhattan firm, Commutaboard, is equally aflutter about the future. Its plans include a mosquito fleet of hydrofoils, buzzing from Manhattan to Flushing Meadows, in time for the 1964 World's Fair.

FOOD & DRINK

Better Batter, Lotta Butter

First there was the passion for pizzas, then the craze for coffeehouses. Now the country is flipping over flapjacks. Dotted across the land are some 300 specialized pancake palaces, of which 150 have risen, without benefit of leavening, in the past two or three years. Mostly chain-operated, the pancake shops are attractive, glittering clean, well designed, usually are located in suburban areas, where they get maximum family traffic. They offer the once-humble griddle cake, glorified and garnished in up to 37 astonishing varieties (e.g., crepe suzette, blintze, Swedish roll-up, royal Hawaiian). Fast growing Pancake Kitchens, Inc. this week opened its tenth "Aunt Jemima's Kitchen" at Bethpage, Long Island, plans to have 36 shops operating in the Eastern U.S. by 1967. International House, which has 63 shops across the country, is opening new Pancake Houses at a clip of one almost every week.

The advantage of the pancake is that it can be eaten at any hour of the day, and children love it. Pancakes are great for late-evening snacks, and the Saturday night rush is barely over before the Sunday breakfast invasion begins. Sunday mornings are all family trade, when mothers treat themselves to a big breakfast they don't have to cook. One astute chain operator studied possible locations in Yonkers, N.Y., finally built opposite



No, Nancy, it doesn't all come from Niagara Falls

The letter above came from the little girl in the picture. She lives in Monroeville, Pa.

If we could tell her "yes," we would, because we like to tell little girls they're right. But this time we can't.

Most of the electricity delivered to Nancy's home is produced by the nearby investor-owned electric light and power company serving her neighborhood. And when it is

needed, some of her electricity could come from places far away. That's because her local electric company is interconnected with other investor-owned companies.

As a matter of fact, most of the electricity Nancy (and everyone else) uses doesn't come from falling water at all. More than 80% of it comes from plants that use steam-driven turbine generators, because this is usually the most

practical way to make electricity.

So we say this to Nancy (and to all of you we hope are peeking): "Electricity from many different places can help to light and run your home, because local investor-owned companies across our nation are working together to serve you and all America with abundant, low-cost electricity today—and through all the years that lie ahead of you."

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies . . . serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

a Roman Catholic church, from which starving worshippers "descend like locusts" after morning Mass.

The pancake was invented by primitive man, has dozens of national variants from tortillas to crepes, but it took the American genius for mass production and specialization to make the low-cost, high-profit pancake a paying proposition. The pancake men work as often with slide rules and time charts as they do with bowl and griddle, know their customers' tastes and habits with awesome accuracy. One chain has so automated pancake production that cooks set meters which measure out the precise amount of batter required for cakes of different diameters. The head cook periodically whips out a ruler, checks that the cakes are the right size. Explained one chain executive: "Why, if our 4½-inch cakes were five inches across instead, we'd lose \$1,000 a month in profits."

The cake makers flesh out their doughy lines with ice cream (often served on waffles), eggs, chicken, hamburgers, all accompanied by unlimited quantities of coffee. All this is enhanced by the loganberry-purple prose of the menu. Sample: "Persian Pancakes, delicate egg batter crepes rolled and filled with strawberries and peaches. Garnished with smooth rich whipped cream. As exotic as a visit to the Pearl of the Orient."

YOUTH

Fun with Freud

Toys were once merely fun. Now they are considered "essential aids to child development." Newest, put on display last week at Manhattan's Toy Guidance Exhibit, is a magnetized dollhouse (\$15) raised on stilts and inhabited by a family of lifelike dolls. Any bright little girl can move the dolls by manipulating a magnetic wand underneath the floor. "It's a new concept," explained Exhibit Director Mrs. Janet Freud (whose father-in-law claims kinship to Sigmund). "Now the child can control Mama and Papa. The mother can go to the sink or she can iron at the ironing board. The mouse goes down his mousehole, the dog into his doghouse. The cat chases the mouse, and the girl can carry a letter." What does Father do? "He goes along with the mother. He can take the dishes out of the sink or pick up the letter."

After that, no doubt, Father opens the letter. It is a bill from his psychiatrist. He throws the dishes into the sink and follows the mouse.

TRAVEL

Europe Plain & Simple

Since the days when Baedeker's European guidebook was *de rigueur*, a new breed of Americans travels abroad. They seldom stop at Rome's elegant Hotel Excelsior, nor do they drink at the Ritz Bar in Paris. In London, they would not dream of dining at Claridge's.

More likely they will traipse off to the Neptune, a tiny Soho seafood house operated without frills by Sam Abrahams, who formerly peddled jellied eels from an East End pushcart. The first time a bunch of budget Baedekers swarmed into his place, Sam "couldn't understand where all the Americans came from." Today, however, Sam is well aware that nearly all of his Stateside customers brandish a \$1.95 paperback tome titled *Europe on \$5 a Day*.

Introducing itself as a guide "for tourists who own no oil wells in Texas, and are unrelated to the Aga Khan," \$5 a Day sets a chatty, no-nonsense pace that struck oil with 15,000 readers when it first appeared in 1957, this year is on its way to a record sale of 150,000. It leaves descriptions of the Louvre or Westminster Abbey to others, concerns itself single-mindedly with practicalities—the cheapest ways of getting to Europe and moving around once there, how to rent a bicycle in Copenhagen, how to read a menu in Italian, how to see the most sights at least expense (a sidewalk café in Paris, folk dancing in Stockholm), and most important, a list of the most elusive of all things in a strange city—clean but cheap places to sleep and eat.

Need & Notion. \$5 a Day is the creature of a 32-year-old Manhattan attorney, Arthur Frommer. Frommer got into the travel business as a pfc attached to U.S. Army Intelligence in Germany. "Sensing a need," he assembled and published *G.I.'s Guide to Travelling in Europe* in 1955, based largely on his own legwork. Now, companion \$5 a Day volumes by Frommer and his associates survey New York, Mexico, the Caribbean, and Los Angeles-San Francisco-Las Vegas (in one volume). Last year Frommer finally and reluctantly gave up his law practice.

The Frommer ground rules are spartan. Though \$5 a day covers a room and three meals, exclusive of transportation costs, a frugal tourist is reminded: 1) "Never ask for a private bath with your hotel room. Few Europeans regard a bath or shower as a daily necessity." 2) "Try filling up on two or three continental breakfasts in place of eggs and bacon." 3) "Never patronize a restaurant that doesn't display a menu in its window." 4) "Don't leap to find a hotel. Check your bags at the airport or train station while you go out to look . . . Never rent a room sight unseen."

When Frommer and his actress wife travel, they still go by the book. Their favorite hotel in Nice is "a place where we eat breakfast in the kitchen in bathrobe and slippers. And the guests are French." Frommer's prose often pauses for such provocative asides as "Here the beds are somewhat narrow and suitable only for couples, to whom this book sends best wishes" or "I like the hotels on Rue de Buci, a block away from all the existential activity." Of Rome's Pensione Eureka he says: "Its star attraction is impish Mrs. Imperoli, a dead ringer for Romy Schneider."

Readers readily second Frommer's theory that luxury hotels with English-speaking staffs "and a branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in the lobby" tend to insulate Americans from the very Europe they came to see. Frommer receives 1,000 testimonials each year from a list of tight-fisted correspondents that includes schoolteachers, ministers, engineers and architects. But some of the raves are qualified.

Best Since Marshall. Most common complaint is a byproduct of Frommer's very success: hotels and restaurants recommended by the book soon become American hangouts, then hike their prices. Last week in Paris one proud hotelier told Frommer: "It is your book



FROMMER & WIFE IN PARIS CAFÉ

In with an elevator, out with the guide.

which bought this elevator." But the new lift meant higher rentals, and Frommer sadly made a note to drop the hotel from the next edition.

Despite his vigilance, Frommer occasionally errs. In Stockholm, the three-masted sailing ship *Af Chapman* is a highly recommended stopover for students on a Starvation Budget, with no mention of the fact that its hostel regulations impose a rigid 11 p.m. curfew. Conversely, Vienna's list includes at least a couple of hotels that generally rent rooms to streetwalkers and their clients, and a drinking spot that is an underworld rendezvous frequently surveyed by police. Nevertheless, says the manager of London's truly familyish Arundale Hotel, "This book has been the biggest aid to Britain since the Marshall Plan."

Those travelers accustomed to the standards of France's *Guide Michelin*—or even the lounge-lizard airs of Fielding—may lack stomach for the unstarred beaneries and spare accommodations of Frommer's Europe. But others choose the best of both worlds, take the money they have saved with \$5 a Day and squander all on a gala dinner at the Tour d'Argent—where the décor is exquisite, the food superb, and the prices unmentionable.

SPORT

BASEBALL

Blank Spots in the Bleachers

The most embarrassing thing about baseball's most storied strikeout was that Mudville's bleachers were "black with people" the day that mighty Casey took the count. No such public ignominy awaits the contemporary Casey: in Mudville or Milwaukee, empty seats are the sign of baseball's times.

Mosquitoes & TV. Going into the season's second half, no fewer than twelve of the 20 big-league clubs were in the throes of attendance slumps. Ticket sales are 94,426 off last year's midseason mark in Milwaukee, 105,211 in Pittsburgh, 167,257 in Cleveland. Last year's box-office leaders, the New York Yankees and the Los Angeles Dodgers, both report declines: 14,270 for the Yanks, 38,935 for the Dodgers. Total big-league attendance is down 126,158, and the figure would be far worse except for Boston—where the surprising Red Sox, with the two top American League hitters in the lineup and exciting Dick Radatz in the bullpen, have attracted 275,082 extra fans.

What's wrong? Every baseball mogul has a theory. In Houston, there are the helicopter-sized mosquitoes that infest the ballpark. Washington's Joseph Burke picks on TV: "If the team is losing, people naturally stay home and watch the tube." Judge Robert Cannon, counsel for the Major League Players' Association, says it's all the fault of the baseball fan's economy. "Unemployment is high and money is scarce," says Cannon. "The guy with the big family can't afford to take his kids to the ball game as often as he once did." And Milwaukee's John McHale blames it on the weather. "It was 44° here this morning," he said recently. "I was in Chicago yesterday, and it was the coldest day since eighteen-something-or-other."

In the Groove. Other reasons make better sense. Baseball attendance has been slipping for years as people discover how exciting other sports can be. Many a man who thrills to pro football now twiddles his thumbs through a nine-inning pitching duel; there are other things to do on a weekend—play golf or watch the pros, go to the auto races, chip in to buy a boat and take the kids sailing or fishing. The expansion to ten-team leagues gave attendance a hypo. But the boosters can hardly be expected to stay all steamed up when their heroes are glued in the cellar and the pennant races settle into that familiar groove. Last week the Yankees led the American League by 53 games, and the Dodgers were on top of the National League by 71.

At the other end of the standings, the ineffable New York Mets, with "Perfessor" Casey Stengel presiding, drew 922,530 shrieking, cheering, banner-waving partisans to the Polo Grounds last year. The Mets finished last by 603

games. This year the bloom is off the sage. Big crowds still turn out when the Dodgers come to town, or the San Francisco Giants. But only 6,505 paying customers were on hand last week to see the Mets lose to the Houston Colts, 8-0—their 16th loss in 17 games. From somewhere amid the blank spots in the bleachers came a plaintive cry of disgust: "Casey Stengel is a fink."

BICYCLING

Another for the Accountant

France's Jacques Anquetil, 29, is the world's best bicycle racer—and one of its most unpopular athletes. A one-time baker's helper from Sotteville (literally: Stupidville) in Normandy, he



CHAMPION ANQUETIL WITH BOUQUET
Any more suggestions?

makes a fetish of independence—testily ignoring fans, truculently snubbing opponents, even going so far as to wear his watch on his right wrist, simply because most people wear theirs on the left. Critics complain that Anquetil "does not like to suffer" (a quality Frenchmen demand in heroes) and that he races "like an accountant" (always conserving his strength, never taking risks). "Jacques," his coach once argued, "you are strong enough to win in the mountains, to win at the sprint. If you would just go all out a few times, people would recognize you as the great champion you are." Replied Anquetil: "Any more suggestions?"

Over the Hill? Anquetil can afford to be rude. He is the only cyclist ever to win all three of Europe's top marathon races—the Tour de France, the Giro d'Italia and the Vuelta a España. He once set a world record by covering 46.159 km. (about 29 miles) in one

hour and he has won the Grand Prix des Nations, a kind of World Series of bike racing, seven times. The sport pays him \$150,000 a year, and he lives in champagne luxury—beautiful blonde wife, country house near Rouen, Mercedes sports car, outboard motorboat for weekend cruises on the Seine. Success, in fact, has so spoiled Anquetil that he tried to beg out of this month's Tour de France. "My morale is no good," he said. Ah, ha! cried sports-writers, who decided that Anquetil was finally over the hill. Oh no! cried his sponsors—a bicycle manufacturer and an apéritif firm, who were counting on Jacques to spread their gospel through the provinces. Oh well, sighed Anquetil, and sullenly hopped aboard his fragile racing bike and pedaled off with the pack. What happened? Anquetil won for the fourth time, another record, and the third year in a row.

To Frenchmen, the 22-day Tour is not just a race; it is an obsession. It attracts upwards of 15 million spectators, boosts daily newspaper sales by 10%, virtually ensures a 40% boost in business for cafés and shops lucky enough to be located along the route. And it is as punishing as it is popular. This year's 2,570-mile Tour started northward from Paris into Belgium, doubled back through Anjou and Aquitaine to the Pyrenees, swung straight across the south of France, then cut back across the Alps to Paris. On the flat, racers had to average 25 m.p.h. just to keep up, in the mountains, the thin air cruelly strained their lungs, and hazards lurked around each hairpin turn. Collisions were common, and the casualty rate was enormous: at the end, only 78 out of 130 starters were still on their bikes.

Through the Alps. Throughout the early stages of the race, Anquetil calmly pedaled along, setting his own pace, letting opponents wear themselves out fighting for the right to wear the *maillot jaune*, the yellow jersey that goes to the overall leader at the end of each day's run. His chief competitor was Spain's Federico Bahamontes, 35, the "Eagle of Toledo," who won the Tour in 1959 and is noted for his speed in the mountains. And on the 17th day out, Anquetil decided, for once, not to play it quite so cool. He would challenge Bahamontes at his own game—in the Alps. All through the day, Anquetil and Bahamontes fought it out, wheel to wheel, charging boldly up one side, plunging madly down the other, pumping furiously for hours at a stretch without ever looking up from the road. At day's end the exhausted racers wobbled into Chamonix, and it was Anquetil's turn to wear the *maillot jaune*, for the first time in the race.

He was still wearing it last week when he pedaled across the finish line in Paris' Parc des Princes Stadium. For the moment at least, French fans forgot their distaste for the haughty "accountant." "Anktil! Anktil! Anktil!" they chanted deliriously.



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MEDICINE

DRUGS

Another Round in the Krebiozen Battle

Bitter controversy has raged for twelve years over a so-called anti-cancer drug named Krebiozen. A refugee physician from Yugoslavia, Dr. Stevan Durovic, said that he extracted it from the blood of specially inoculated horses in Argentina and brought it to the U.S. in 1949. Its first trials on human patients were made by Chicago's famous Physiologist Andrew Conway Ivy, who announced what he considered promising results in March 1951.

Orthodox medicine poured a flood of doubts and questions at Drs. Ivy and Durovic. What was Krebiozen (pronounced kre-by-o-zen)? Nobody knew, except that it was a whitish crystalline powder. How was it made? For years, Dr. Durovic has kept parts of the process secret. Did it really help cancer patients? On this question there was violent disagreement, intensified by wild charges (from both sides) of misleading or distorted evidence.

Krebiozen was never approved for prescription use by physicians generally. Dr. Durovic distributed it "for investigational use" to selected doctors who were supposed to describe their patients and report their results. These were inconclusive, and voices rose for a scientific test, to be run by the National Cancer Institute, to determine what the drug is and how it works, if indeed it works at all. The Ivy-Durovic group could never agree with the institute on plans for a test, and each side accused the other of bad faith. Last February, in hopes that an agreement had at last been reached, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration began collecting information for the institute.



PHYSIOLOGIST IVY & PHYSICIAN DUROVIC
Some of the evidence was missing.

On June 7, a tough provision of last fall's Drug Amendments Act became effective. To continue interstate dealings in Krebiozen, Dr. Durovic had to file with FDA a detailed plan for his investigation. He did so reluctantly, at the last minute. Then last week, just as FDA was concluding that his plan was "grossly inadequate," Durovic abruptly withdrew his proposal, angrily charging bad faith on the part of the Government. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare responded: "Your action automatically makes illegal the continued interstate delivery of the product." Dr. Ivy defiantly announced that he would continue to give the injections "whether I go to jail or not." Durovic will supply Krebiozen only to Ivy. Thus patients who want to keep on getting injections will have to go to Illinois for them.

But Krebiozen's backers have powerful friends on Capitol Hill; last week resolutions were introduced in both houses of Congress to require the Government to give the controversial drug another chance.

HEREDITY

The Lyon & the Mouse

The 1,500 experts in medical and related sciences who gathered last week in Manhattan's Americana Hotel spent hours listening intently to highly technical discussions of sex chromosomes, enzyme systems and skeletal development. In the Imperial Ballroom, earphones provided simultaneous translation in three languages. It was the second international conference on congenital malformations sponsored by the National Foundation-March of Dimes. The world's outstanding researchers were tackling an immense problem: one baby out of every 15 is born with some defect, be it physical, mental or chemical. In the U.S. alone, that means more than 250,000 victims each year.

Making Mosaics. At this deeply scientific confab on one of humanity's most distressing problems, the unexpected heroine was a quiet Englishwoman who presented no paper and who is, of all things, editor of a semi-annual *Mouse News Letter*. Since the first such conference in London three years ago, the most noteworthy progress in unraveling the mysteries of human heredity has been based on the work of Geneticist Mary F. Lyon, 38, born in Norwich, daughter of a civil servant. Mary Lyon got a Ph.D. from Cambridge University, specializing in mouse genetics. She now works at the Radiobiological Research Unit at Harwell, 50 miles west of London. Dr. Lyon became intrigued by the fact that some mice—but only females, it seemed—showed up with Joseph's coats of several colors. This could not happen under classical Mendelian laws of inheritance.



GENETICIST LYON
One of the Xs was silent.

Two years ago, Dr. Lyon proposed a revolutionary hypothesis. Every female mammal, whether mouse or woman, has two X (female) chromosomes, one each from father and mother. A male has one X and one Y. Since the X chromosome carries genes that control the production of many enzymes which in turn govern the body's chemistry, a female with two Xs should have twice as much of these enzymes as a male with one. But she doesn't. Dr. Lyon's proffered explanation: one of the female's X chromosomes is muted soon after conception and becomes a silent partner. It shows up thereafter only as a dark spot in microscope slides of her cells. But before it is muted, it starts the production of lines of cells that continue to live side by side with lines from the dominant X. So a female mammal is a "genetic mosaic."

Some Sterile Cats. Building upon Miss Lyon's theory, other researchers have explained a mystery about calico cats. In theory, such a cat has to be a female because its black and orange patches must result from two different X chromosomes. What seemed to be male calico cats have turned out, on study of their cells, to have two X chromosomes as well as a Y. They are an intersex form, and they are sterile.

Applying the Lyon hypothesis to women, geneticists at California's City of Hope have shown mosaicism in women who suffer from a form of Mediterranean anemia. But this is only one of at least 58 inborn defects that appear to result from defects in X chromosomes. Among others: some forms of color blindness and of anemia, hemophilia, muscular dystrophy, deafness.

What made the editor of *Mouse* the Lyoness of the conference is the hope of all geneticists that further exploration of her hypothesis will lead to better understanding of these crippling handicaps, and eventually, perhaps, to their prevention.



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RELIGION

MORMONS

Singing Saints

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.

—Doctrine & Covenants, 25:12

During the long and uncertain trek westward over the plains in 1847, Brigham Young's Mormon pioneers obeyed this admonition, never beginning a day without a song or meeting the night without a hymn of thanks. So ingrained did the joyful habit of singing become that Young founded a choir at journey's end. This week the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, having long since won world renown, starts its 35th year of radio broadcasting—the longest sustained network program in history.

It was in 1867 that the Salt Lake colony finished its famous 8,000-seat tabernacle, built to house the choir's sound of worshipful music. The tabernacle was and is an acoustical masterpiece, in which one can hear a pin drop 250 ft. away. The choir grew to fit the building and to become the most powerful unofficial missionary that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ever had. Beginning in 1929, Sunday after Sunday the half-hour radio show known as *Music and the Spoken Word from the Crossroads of the West* reshaped the world's image of Mormonism.

Polyphony, Not Polygamy. The program and the choir were never—and are not—intended to proselytize. In fact, the word Mormon is mentioned only twice in each show, and then only in the name of the choir. "The aim of the broadcasts was and is intended to achieve a universality," says Apostle Richard L. Evans, who for 33 years has supplied the spoken word. His sermonettes heard with the choir contain no doctrine of the Latter-day Saints, in-

stead deal with Christian ethics. "Don't let life discourage you; everyone who got where he is had to begin where he was," he may say. Or, "There is no way of avoiding the moral consequences of a dishonest, unethical or immoral act."

The choir sings Mormon hymns no more often than Catholic or Protestant ones. But Mormon President David McKay called the choir's general effect "inestimable" in helping 13,000 Mormon missionaries over the world bring in multitudes of converts (100,000 last year) to a church once only known and derided for its long-banned polygamy. "The choir makes friends and opens doors," says Richard Condie, 65, choir-master since 1957 and a professor of music at the University of Utah. He directs 375 singers, divided into four-part men's and four-part women's choruses. All members are adult volunteers, including many housewives, but also four doctors, three lawyers, two bankers and one dentist—plus a glass blower and a hog caller.

Uncanned Covenant. The choir has never been better. When Condie took over, he auditioned everyone in it and let 75 go at once. "It wasn't a pleasant thing to do," he says. Now there are auditions at least every two years. Rehearsals are held only two hours a week, but the choir never actually rehearses the entire radio program as it is broadcast. Condie tapes rehearsals, plays them through to himself, and corrects flaws next time around.

The repertoire of 1,200 numbers goes from spirituals to Bach, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Backed up by the 10,000-pipe tabernacle organ, with Veteran Organists Alexander Schreiner or Frank Asper, the choir, nicknamed "the singing Saints," has a weight and body unexcelled in choral sound. But "we have not let this become a canned thing," says Director Condie, and he often ex-

plores more dissonant modern music. Still, his favorite is a hymn written by one who went with Brigham Young's wagon train, William Clayton, while the prairie winds blew about him:

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,

But with joy wend your way;

Tho' hard to you this journey may appear,

Grace shall be as your day.

ANGLICANS

South Bank Religion

"My diocese is said to be on the boil," says the Rt. Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark. "If that is so, I accept it as a compliment. Boiling water is better than tepid. It can cleanse and generate power." Measured against British coolness to the Anglican faith (of 27 million baptized members, only 3,000,000 are registered on parish rolls), the Diocese of Southwark is indeed bubbling. And Bishop Stockwood, 50, a charming and worldly man in whom humility coexists with vanity, gives it another stir almost daily. In the process, he has become perhaps the most storied bishop in England.

Southwark slices the British social system from top to bottom. It starts on the tough Thames River docks in the heart of London, runs south through the vast, scruffy slums of Bermondsey, and courses along the commuter train tracks to green suburban Surrey, where Tudor estates and Bentleys abound. An estimated 550,000 confirmed Anglicans live in the diocese. Where the wealthy Establishment stockbrokers reside, the churches—and collection plates—are full, but in the populous working-class parishes, the pews have never been full.

Bow-Tie Bishop. Stockwood came to Southwark in 1959 from a post as vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge University's church, where he often sported bow ties instead of dog collar and packed in undergraduate congregations



THE TABERNAACLE CHOIR
Making friends and opening doors.



EVANS



BISHOP STOCKWOOD (CENTER) & CHAUFFEUR AT THE PUBLIC BATH
Come on in, the water's hot.

for guest addresses by such speakers as the Labor Party's Aneurin Bevan and anti-apartheid Bishop Trevor Huddleston. He took his informality right along with him to Southwark. He sometimes takes a morning dip with early-rising parishioners at an open-air pool before starting a full Sunday's work. Once, by appointment, he called, wearing layman's clothes, on one of his vicars. The vicar's wife greeted him at the door, saying, "I'm afraid you can't see him now—he's expecting the bishop." A bit later he joined a quiet gathering attended by other bishops wearing black gaiters and aprons. Stockwood was resplendent in purple cassock and cape. "Ah, Mervyn," said one friend, "incognito, I see." Shortly after young Prince Charles, 14, was caught drinking cherry brandy in a hotel bar in Scotland last month, Bishop Stockwood was introduced to a parishioner's son at a sherry party on the lawn of a rather staid Surrey rectory. Jovially, he asked the boy: "Have you had your cherry brandy today?"

Theological Fossil. On the theory that getting people talking about the church is a big advantage over the customary apathy, Stockwood has encouraged dissent and nonconformity among his 600 clergymen. In a sermon on the existing moral code at Southwark Cathedral last March, his canon librarian, the Rev. Douglas Rhymes, preached that Christ never suggested that "marriage is the only possible occasion of any expression of physical relationship," and charged on to say that "much of the prejudice against homosexuality is on the ground that it is unnatural—but for whom? Certainly not for the homosexual."

Then one of Stockwood's aides, the Rt. Rev. John Robinson, Bishop of Woolwich, stirred up a row with his book *Honest to God*, arguing that Christianity needs a new idea of God. And another Southwark clergyman, the Rev.

John Pearce-Higgins, recently took arms against some of the 39 Articles—the declaration of Anglican faith. He called the 400-year-old Articles "in the nature of a theological fossil" and announced that he assented to them under protest.

Kitchen-Sink Communism. But Bishop Stockwood has more serious goals than mere shock. Three years ago, he started a night-school seminary to produce worker-priests, and in September will ordain the first class of men engaged in ordinary trades who will thereafter also double as clergy. This challenges the strong tradition that Anglican clergymen should be gentle Establishmentarians from the best schools. And if communicants will not come to church, Communism, Stockwood decided, could go to them; his priests now bring "kitchen-sink Communism" to homes; one such priest, when he needs Communion bread, just nips around to the local baker for dinner rolls.

A year ago, Stockwood opened a diocesan training center where laymen meet for intensive study and lectures on the relevance of faith to modern life, from the morality of expense-account living to the morality of strike tactics. Stockwood is encouraging putting off baptism until a child has some grasp of its meaning, and also favors "full-rite visitations," in which baptism, confirmation and First Communion are all administered to the same recipient on the same day.

Some Anglicans, deploring "South Bank religion," argue that the Southwark clerics are making Christianity so timely that it ceases to be timeless. But Bishop Stockwood believes that time is running out. As he declared after his consecration as bishop: "I have nothing but contempt for a church that sets out to be eclectic, that just wants to draw to itself the holy holy Anglo-Catholics. I have every use for a church that sets out to draw all those living within its boundaries."

MILESTONES

Born. To Fredericka Ann ("Bobo") Sigrist, 23, jet-set heiress to a British aircraft fortune, and Kevin Donovan McClory, 39, Irish movie producer, long-time friend and her husband since March 27 (when the annulment of her marriage to Decorator Gregg Juarez came through): a son; in Dublin.

Died. Lucky (real name: Lucie Daouphars), 41, empress of Paris fashion models until her 1958 retirement, since then their "présidente" as founder of a mutual aid society for needy mannequins, a lynx-eyed Breton who once worked as a welder, discovered there was a better way to put things together and earned from Christian Dior the tribute: "Lucky is fashion turned into theatrical spectacle"; of cancer; in Paris.

Died. Evelyn John St. Loe Strachey, 61, prolific British Labor M.P., a suave, beaky Etonian who left his father's paper, the conservative *Spectator*, to dally with fascism, then Communism, and finally settle down a little left of center, becoming Minister of Food in the postwar Labor government, imposing much-hated bread rationing and undertaking the ill-fated \$100 million "groundnut" scheme, but was nevertheless one of his party's ablest thinkers; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Walter Louis Hakanson, 64, Denver Y.M.C.A. executive, who in 1932 coined the name "softball" and wrote the first national rules for a game that was invented in 1895 by a Minneapolis fireman (he called it "kittenball"), but which never caught on until the Depression, when millions of unemployed found it a way to pass their time; after a long illness; in Denver.

Died. Archbishop Gerald Patrick O'Hara, 68, Pennsylvania-born Roman Catholic delegate to Britain and long-time (1935-59) Bishop of Savannah, a liberal who was a leader in church efforts to improve U.S. race relations, went on to become one of the Vatican's most effective diplomats abroad, serving in Communist Rumania (from which he was expelled in 1950 on trumped-up charges), then as papal nuncio to Ireland before moving in 1954 to London; of a heart attack; in Wimbledon.

Died. Major General Henry Clay Hodges, 103, West Point's oldest alumnus (class of '81), who was born on the frontier, was appointed to the Military Academy by Ulysses S. Grant, campaigned against Comanches on the Pecos, Moro rebels in the Philippines, Pancho Villa in Mexico, and led his 39th Division to France in World War I, before retiring in 1920 to an old soldier's place of honor at every West Point graduation since then except two; in Stamford, Conn.



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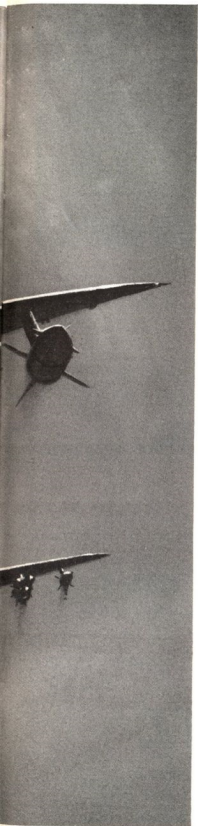
Today, the compact A4-E, so small it can fit a carrier elevator without folding its wing, packs the full punch of a World War II battle cruiser. Speed approaches the supersonic. Range permits ferry flights to all parts of the world. Capabilities include delivery of nuclear or conventional HE weapons, and the firepower of guns, rockets and missiles.

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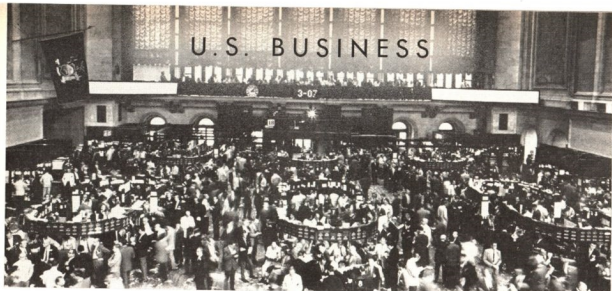
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U.S. BUSINESS



TRADING ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
Nobody knew what to think.

WALL STREET

Modernizing the Market

Wall Street is more than just a seven-block thoroughfare in Lower Manhattan: it is also a marketplace for 17 million investing Americans, a worldwide symbol of capitalism, and a national pool of money from which American business draws its financial sustenance. The Street has meant profit for many investors and grief for some, and since World War II has raised \$43 billion for the expansion and modernization of U.S. industry. Any man can buy a piece of what Wall Street offers with a down payment of as little as \$2, but the men who really run the Street, says the Securities and Exchange Commission, are a small and clubby circle of insiders.

Last week a group of investigators for the SEC reported that these men often overcharge and insufficiently protect the small investor, and called many of the rules by which they work outmoded, ineffective, and in need of reform. This was the essence of 2,100 pages of findings in the second report of a three-part series on the financial markets, it followed a thorough, 11-year study by a team of 65 lawyers, economists and SEC staffers under Milton H. Cohen, 51, a sad-eyed and careful Chicago attorney.

The SEC group found few outright abuses of the stock market's rules, but its recommendations struck deeply at five major areas (see box on next page) that make up the very heart of the market, promised the most sweeping overhaul of Wall Street since the Pecora investigation set up the SEC 30 years ago. The SEC recommended that trading in stock issues that are "unlisted" on any exchange be automated and perhaps made cheaper for the investor, and that the cost of trading in "odd lots" of fewer than 100 shares be lowered. It asked for closer regulation for the stock exchange specialists and bearish "short sellers," and suggested that the ex-

changes' anachronistic floor traders be abolished altogether.

Long Overdue. Having been relieved last spring at the relative mildness of the first part of the SEC report (TIME, April 12), Wall Streeters were shocked by the sharpness of Part 2. Some grumbled that the criticisms and suggestions were "wild" and "unknowing." Said Floor Trader Edwin H. Stern: "The other floor traders think what I think. They don't know what to think." But after the first shock, many close observers of the market acknowledged that the proposed reforms are long overdue, would bring the market up to date and raise investor confidence.

Speaking with the slow deliberation of a man who does not want to rouse the bears, Investigator Cohen conceded that the proposals are "quite controversial" and said that the SEC commissioners might find some "alternative solutions." SEC Chief William L. Cary and the four other commissioners already

have the power to order most of the changes, but Cary, a tough and even-tempered former Columbia law professor, does not intend to take any action until Wall Streeters get a chance to speak their piece at public hearings.

Illusory Value. The SEC investigators were disturbed most that the market's safeguards for small investors seem inadequate and that its devices for moderating market swings often sharpen them instead.

The "highest priority" need for reform, said the SEC group, centers in the "over-the-counter" market in unlisted issues, where the investigators accused some brokers and order clerks of "indifference, incompetence and venality." Prices on this market are published by the privately owned National Quotation Bureau, Inc. in daily "pink sheets" that brokers and bankers see but small investors generally do not.

While praising the "conscientious" bureau, the SEC report said: "In case after case, broker-dealers have abused the system by inserting fictitious quotations in connection with worthless securities to give an illusory value." One broker-dealer firm, for example, arranged to list fictitious quotes for the shares of Diversified Funding, Inc., while trying to push those shares to its own customers.

Because O-T-C quotes are vague and controls loose, brokers' commission markups vary greatly: on one selected day in January 1962, this variance alone caused Bank of America common stock to range in price from \$61 to \$64.25 and Pacific Power & Light to range from \$56.25 to \$60, depending on where the investor tried to buy the stock. The SEC group wants to put the National Quotation Bureau under SEC control, open its reports to the general public and let investors know the wholesale prices that dealers are paying.

No Immunity. Turning to the haven of the small investor, the SEC group charged that the odd-lot market is con-



SEC CHAIRMAN CARY
Waiting for the Street to speak.

trolled by a "duopoly" of two Wall Street wholesalers, Carlisle & Jacquelin and DeCoppett & Doremus. In 1951, said the SEC, the two got together and fixed the extra charges that small investors have to pay above and beyond the regular commission for buying odd lots—12½¢ per share on stock priced up to \$40 and 25¢ per share on costlier stock.

There are still 19 agonizing steps involved in every odd-lot trade, and the report charged that the two firms have resisted automation because it would "reduce their profits and make it easier for competition to develop." Added the SEC dryly: "Securities markets are not inherently more immune from featherbedding than any other business." The SEC wants the exchanges to regulate and moderate the price markups in odd-lots and push for automation.

Frightened Like People. Even tougher was the SEC group's criticism of professional floor traders, exchange members who pay no commissions and have no responsibility to the public. The SEC has been trying to run them off the floor for a generation; it says that they enjoy special inside advantages and only accelerate the markets' swings by

buying on rises and selling on falls. Floor traders claim that they perform a function by pumping cash into the market at strategic moments, but the SEC group contends that they only follow the trends—and thus accelerate the markets' runaway booms and shattering breaks. Proposed: an end to all floor trading by 1965.

"Serious problems" were also uncovered among stock specialists, those professional risk takers who are supposed to soften swings in prices by buying or selling "against" the market trend. The SEC group says that specialists are not always willing to go out on a limb, that they profit on about 88% of their transactions, and that their inside information on how the market is trending gives them a leg up on other investors. During the 1962 market crash, some specialists cushioned the slide in General Motors, Jersey Standard and Brunswick, but those handling A.T. & T., IBM and Korvette did not. "Specialists are like all people," testified one specialist to the SEC. "They get frightened." Recommended: closer SEC supervision of specialists and new rules forcing them to have more capital, to buy when stocks are dropping and not to interfere in

market opening prices, which the SEC feels should be determined by public supply and demand.

The SEC study also accused short sellers of aggravating last year's market break by dumping shares that they hoped to buy back later at a lower price. On "Blue Monday," May 28, 1962, short selling accounted for more than 16% of the sales of U.S. Steel and Korvette shares and, said the SEC, "undoubtedly contributed to the downward movement." The SEC proposes a ban on short selling in times of "general market distress."

For Strength. Just as U.S. business itself has modernized, the SEC believes, so should the financial markets. Nothing in its report suggests any basic change in the share-capital system that U.S. finance is justly jealous of. In fact, most of the reforms—though they may be hard on some individual professionals—are designed to make the market more fluid and to attract the greater number of investors needed by growing U.S. business. "This report," said Chairman Cary, "should not impair public confidence in the securities markets but should strengthen it as suggestions for raising standards are put into practice."

FIVE KINDS OF INSIDERS

THE SEC's second look at the nation's 14 stock exchanges concentrates on the role of a largely anonymous but highly influential army of "inside" professionals. The 65 reforms proposed in the SEC report center on five types of these market insiders, whose functions affect all investors but are rarely understood by the public. The five:

Over-the-Counter Traders

These men deal in the issues of 11,000 companies that are not listed on any exchange. Unlisted issues are often the sharply curving "glamour" stocks, but they also include some solid shares of major companies that do not wish to be bound by the exchanges' strict reporting rules. Over-the-counter trading has increased 700% since World War II, and accounted for roughly 38% of the \$103 billion worth of stock sales in 1961. Some 1,100 stock wholesalers operate in the O-T-C market. When a broker places an order for a customer, the wholesaler either draws the unlisted stock from his own portfolio (each wholesaler "makes markets" in several issues), or telephones around to others to dick for a deal. Since there is no clearinghouse, no ticker tape and scant supervision, ample room exists for imaginative wheeling and dealing.

Odd-Lot Traders

They handle the small investors' orders for lots of fewer than 100 shares. Odd-lot trading makes up 9% of the volume on the New York Stock Exchange, and 99% of all these transactions are handled by two firms: Carlisle & Jacquelin and DeCoppett & Doremus. Brokers place their odd-lot orders with these two firms, which usually sell the shares from their own portfolios at the going market price, plus a fractional markup. Together, the two firms in 1961 earned \$12 million on a gross of \$35 million.

Stock Specialists

Each of these middlemen is assigned by the exchange to "specialize" in several stocks and stabilize their prices by buying when prices are falling sharply and selling when they are rising swiftly. On the New York Stock Exchange, where they account for 30% of all transactions, 353 specialists belong to 107 firms. Each firm usually handles 12 to 15 issues, though the biggest—Adler, Coleman &

Co.—has 45. To become a Big Board specialist, a man must pass three examinations, own a seat on the exchange (current price: \$205,000), pay post rentals and fees of \$1,300 to \$6,300 a year. Specialists make about half their profits from commissions as floor brokers for other firms (average commission: \$3.85 per 100 shares), and half by trading for their personal accounts. Specialists pay only tiny commissions on their personal trades, are allowed to buy on a low 25% margin v. 50% for others. They often buy a big block of shares one minute and sell it the next for a profit in fractions.

Short Sellers

Professional bears, they are usually big round-lot (100 shares or more) speculators who wager that the market will drop. They borrow stock through other brokers and sell it at, say, \$10 a share, hoping to replace the borrowed shares later by buying them back at a lower price, perhaps \$5. Their profit would thus be \$5 a share. Anyone can sell short—Joseph P. Kennedy reportedly made a killing doing so in 1929—but it is a dangerous game, little suited to the fainthearted or the unsophisticated.

Floor Traders

The SEC calls this group "a vestige of the former 'private club' character of stock exchanges." Unlike specialists, who trade for both brokers and themselves in the few stocks in which they specialize, floor traders trade only for their own profit in any stocks they wish, roaming exchange floors freely and benefiting from inside information. Partly because few men any longer have either the wealth or inclination to work at it, only about 30 men are active floor traders on the New York Stock Exchange and 15 on the Amex, though any member of the New York Exchange who passes two examinations may so trade. Even the biggest of the floor-trader firms are little known to the public: E. H. Stern & Co., Price & Davis Co., Schiff & Co., and Fagan & Co. While floor trading amounts to only 2% of the exchange transactions, the SEC noted that in one recent period it accounted for a surprising 10% of the trading in volatile issues that fluctuated by one point or more a day.



NATIONAL'S MAYTAG STUNTING
Sophistication in the sky.

AIRLINES

Flying to Success Upside Down

Under Ted Baker, its penurious founder, National Airlines shielded the windows of its Miami headquarters from the sun with brown wrapping paper. When Lewis Maytag Jr., heir to a washing machine fortune, bought Baker out 15 months ago, the first thing he did was to invest in vertical blinds. The change was an augury; National has been looking better ever since—and so have its books. For the year just ended, the earnings of the eighth largest U.S. domestic airline climbed to an estimated \$6,500,000 from \$4,300,000 last year. Only two years ago the line was deeply mired in losses.

"Bud" Maytag picked just the right time to take over. In 1961 the Civil Aeronautics Board awarded National the lucrative Southern transcontinental "rocket run" linking the aerospace centers of Cape Canaveral, Houston and the West Coast. Sensing a good opportunity, Maytag, who was then running the Rocky Mountains' local Frontier Airlines, bought Baker's 250,000 shares for \$6,400,000 with family help.

Not Self-Made. At 36, Bud Maytag is younger by 15 years than any other major U.S. airline president. Grandson of the Maytag who started the washing machine empire, he is the first to admit: "I am not a self-made man." After attending Colorado College, he set up his own flying school in Colorado Springs, later bought control of Frontier. Maytag put money-losing Frontier into the black during his four years there, but ran into CAB opposition to his plan to discontinue service to half of the points served by Frontier. He concedes that his initial naïveté about the airlines business cost him endless headaches. He sold Frontier to go National.

Maytag brought along his four-man executive team from Frontier to help run National, set out to shine up the line's somewhat tarnished reputation. National executives, who had grown gunshy under terrible-tempered Ted Baker, found themselves with freely delegated

authority. Maytag modernized National's fleet (now nine DC-8s, 17 Electras), eased the debt burden by arranging new financing, and prettied up the stewardesses with fuselage-hugging black sheaths by Oleg Cassini.

Maytag is easily the most outspoken chief executive in the airlines industry. He is against airline mergers because he feels that they weaken competition, ardently protests the Government's tight regulation. "About the only thing left under the airlines' control," he says, "is schedules." He is equally critical of his fellow airline presidents for not opposing Government intrusion and union demands more vigorously. "The heads of many airlines are living in the past," he says. "The airline industry is now a sophisticated business, but too many of the guys running airlines are the same ones who started the open-cockpit mail runs." He calmly took on Pan American President Juan Trippe, forcing him to return 390,000 shares that Pan Am had acquired in a swap during a 1958 merger maneuver that came to naught.

Mountain Retreat. Suntanned and crew-cut, Maytag is a trim (175 lbs.) six-footer with a calm, modulated voice and a quiet, determined air. He often works Saturdays, hates to give speeches (though he does), devotes most of his time to financial matters. A keen sportsman, he leaves his beachside house near Miami whenever possible for a 160-acre mountain retreat in Wyoming, where he is usually joined by his second wife and five children (four of them from her previous marriage; Maytag's first wife has the three children from the first Maytag marriage). A self-styled "free enterpriser," he strongly backs Barry Goldwater for the presidency. He is the only airline president who is checked out to fly jets (he never pilots passenger flights), but his favorite flying is weekend stunting in his 1940 vintage, open-cockpit PT-17 biplane. Painted boldly on its fuselage is the word NATIONAL—written upside down. Maytag wants it that way so that when he is showboating upside down, National will be right side up.

MANAGEMENT

Mr. Automation

The new breed of man who succeeds in business is the executive who knows how to automate and cut costs. Last week Westinghouse Electric, the second biggest U.S. electrical-equipment manufacturer (after General Electric), picked for its president a man who fits that mold so perfectly that he is known as "Mr. Automation." The new chief is Donald Clemens Burnham, 48, who makes a fetish of efficiency but also manages to smile at it. He is, besides, an ingenious engineer who is also a super-salesman.

Whimsical Junking. Westinghouse directors picked Burnham, who was vice president of the industrial-products group, from among 43 vice presidents to take over from ailing President Mark W. Cresap, 53. A onetime management consultant who in five years at Westinghouse brought the company from malaise to new health, Cresap's own health has been bad ever since a bout with hepatitis last year. Recent complications brought doctor's orders to give up work completely, and last week Cresap underwent surgery at Pittsburgh's Presbyterian Hospital for a gastric hemorrhage.

Don Burnham, his successor, is Massachusetts-born and Purdue-educated. He started as an engineer for General Motors, where a former boss remembers him as "an intense young man who moved so fast that his coattails were flying most of the time." When he was lured to Westinghouse in 1954, he had risen to assistant chief engineer of the Oldsmobile Division, become an automation expert who was largely credited with stepping up Olds engine production from 30 to 85 an hour.

Westinghouse had all the challenges an efficiency expert needed: much of its equipment and many of its methods were obsolete. As vice president in



CHARLES NELSON

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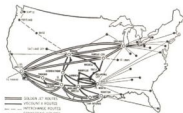
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CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

charge of manufacturing. Burnham played the key role in a new automation program, systematically changed Westinghouse from a “job shop” type of operation to the latest assembly-line methods, which saved the company millions. On one occasion he whimsically presented an ancient drill press with a 50-year service ribbon before junking it. When he took over the industrial-products division, he launched a study to determine how to make every product more cheaply and simply. His division soon became one of the company's most profitable.

Who Is He? A nonsmoker who can nurse a drink or an interesting idea for hours, Burnham wears loose-fitting clothes that give him a rumpled, unpretentious look. He has already shown that he has no intention of changing his ways as Westinghouse's chief; right off, he declined the president's right to a chauffeured Cadillac, preferring to drive his Corvair to work as usual over the five miles from his Mount Lebanon, Pa., home, where he lives with his wife and four of his five children.

His selection surprised almost everyone in Pittsburgh except close associates. The new president of Westinghouse is not even listed in the Pittsburgh Registry of Corporation Executives, and, oddly, in view of Burnham's penchant for automation, the head of the Westinghouse union local had never heard of him.

The Rising Class

Salaried executives—those French-cuffed “hired hands” of U.S. business—now outnumber self-employed professionals and businessmen on the higher income-tax rungs. The Bureau of the Census last week reported that the families of managers and salaried professionals now account for about half of those in the top 5% of U.S. incomes, while the self-employed account for only a fourth—an almost exact reversal of the situation in 1950. To be in the top 5% took a \$9,000 income then; now it takes more than \$14,385.

This remarkable turnaround in U.S. income patterns is largely the result of the postwar growth of large corporations and their intense competition for talent. Increasingly, highly trained students getting out of college find more of what they want—in terms of interest, challenge and salary—in the corporation, pass up any opportunities to strike out on their own.

Though the salaried man is on the rise, a study put out by the Internal Revenue Service (which has reason to know where a lot of the salaried man's money goes) last week showed that he still has little chance of entering the ranks of the very rich. Of the 398 people who had incomes of more than \$1,000,000 in 1961—more people than in any other year since 1929—practically all were either completely self-employed or drew very little of their income from salaries.



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WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

Waging the Gold War

Gold—and the U.S.'s steady loss of it—has been the prime preoccupation of the free world's financial strategists since John F. Kennedy declared repeatedly in Europe last month that "unless we master our gold problems, they will master us." Last week, under pressure from European financial leaders who fear that the continuing gold drain could start a worldwide deflationary cycle by further undermining the dollar, the U.S. took three actions. It set higher interest rates on short-term borrowing, put indirect controls on longer-term exports of U.S. money, and surprisingly indicated a readiness to borrow from the International Monetary Fund, which the U.S. originally helped to set up at Bretton Woods in 1944 to bail out poorer foreign countries.

Limit for Freedom. The three moves were quite a change from Washington's earlier attempts to nibble at the problem by reducing tourists, duty-free imports and inducing allies to prepay their postwar debts. As the U.S. Treasury reported that U.S. gold stocks have dropped \$100 million so far this month, to a 24-year low of \$15.6 billion, a top economic adviser to President Kennedy conceded that "our old program had become an obvious failure." Washington hopes that its new program will cut the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit—which rose to an annual rate of \$3.2 billion in the first quarter and is growing worse—by \$2 billion in the next 18 months. It now predicts a payments surplus by 1967 or 1968. But despite the new moves, two of the biggest drains on gold—U.S. foreign aid and military spending abroad—remain unaffected.

For the first time in 30 years, for-



TRANSFERRING GOLD TO FOREIGN ACCOUNTS
The failure was obvious.

eign rather than domestic considerations prompted the Federal Reserve Board to raise interest rates. Lifting its discount rate to member banks to 3½% from 3%, where it had stood for three years, the Fed said that its move was designed to discourage foreign borrowers, who raised well over \$1 billion in the abundant U.S. capital market last year. Though the U.S. earns interest on these foreign loans and stands to get them back in the future, the exported dollars flow into foreign central banks and are often swapped for U.S. gold.

The U.S. prides itself on having completely free capital markets. That boast shrank somewhat when President Kennedy last week ordered an indirect control called an "interest equalization tax." If Congress approves, as expected, U.S. purchases of most new foreign stocks and bonds will be dampened by a tax on American buyers of up to 15% of face value. The purchaser of a 20-year, \$1,000 foreign bond, for example, will be taxed 12.25%, which would raise his overall costs to \$1,122.50. The U.S. hopes that purchases of such securities—now running to \$1.8 billion a year—will be slashed to the \$500 million-\$600 million rate of the late 1950s. This means that for foreign governments and companies, money in U.S. markets will be much harder to come by.

More startling was Washington's "stand-by" arrangement to draw \$500 million worth of convertible foreign currencies for one year from the IMF. The IMF is already stocked up with its full quota of dollars. The U.S. will therefore swap its borrowed currency

for dollars held by foreign countries that need hard currencies to pay off debts to the IMF but cannot use dollars to do so. These countries will thus be less tempted to convert the dollars they hold into U.S. gold. Signed one U.S. official to the IMF: "I never thought I'd see the day when the U.S. would be standing at the door."

Historic Drop. The sweeping U.S. money-policy change climaxed a year-long backstairs dispute in Washington and represented a victory by Walter Heller's activist Council of Economic Advisers over the more conservative Treasury. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon has been worried that even indirect controls on capital movements might cause foreigners to fear that stiffer controls were coming, and thus precipitate a run on the dollar. Under Secretary Robert Roosa was opposed to any U.S. drawing from the IMF. The Treasury learned only recently that it had lost the battle inside the Administration, was given the job of drafting the tax measure and arranging for the IMF loan, both of which it has now come around to favoring.

As for the Fed's increase of the discount rate, some leaders in Congress complained that President Kennedy had reneged on the Democrats' campaign pledge of "easy money." The Administration replied that the discount-rate rise is aimed at affecting only short-term credit in the U.S. and not long-term borrowing for mortgages and business expansion. U.S. dealers in foreign securities also grumbled that they now face hard times; such foreign shares as Royal Dutch Shell and Aluminium Ltd. plummeted on the New York Stock Exchange.

Canada, the largest foreign borrower from the U.S. and a nation that of late



TREASURY SECRETARY DILLON
The loser.

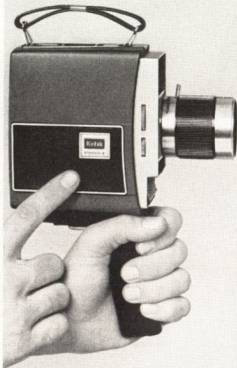


PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER HELLER
The winner.

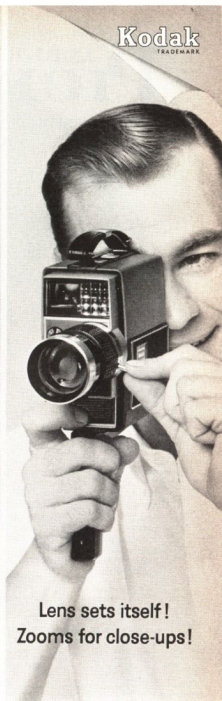
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hospitality by the Albert Pick family

has shown an increasing tendency to hobble U.S. investments, did not like the taste of its own medicine; stocks on the Toronto exchange fell 2½% in one day. Japan's stock market suffered its worst one-day loss in history, the decline being led by companies (such as Sony and Hitachi) that depend heavily on U.S. public financing.

European financial leaders, however, generally applauded the U.S. move; most of them are convinced that their continent's prosperity depends on a sound dollar. "The U.S. payments-balance deficit could not, in fact, be allowed to go on any longer," said French Finance Minister Giscard d'Estaing. Added Dr. Otmir Emminger, chief of the German Federal Bank: "The U.S. has taken ingenious measures that avoid direct exchange controls and do not affect its domestic economy."

WEST GERMANY

Flick's Fortunes

When German Industrialist Friedrich Flick reached his 80th birthday this month, he celebrated by donating more than a million dollars to charity and scientific research. Flick's generosity is one result of a remarkable accomplishment: the reconstruction of his personal fortune. Just 13 years after his release from Landsberg prison, where he served five years of a seven-year term for using Nazi slave labor in his factories, Flick once again heads Germany's biggest and most powerful industrial empire. He controls an interlocking maze of 156 companies in autos, steel, chemicals and paper whose annual sales total is more than \$2 billion—nearly twice that of the Krupp empire. His personal wealth has been set by tax collectors at \$400 million, which makes him Germany's wealthiest man.

Sixth Sense. Flick rode high under the Nazis, with enough holdings in coal and steel to make him a reichsmark billionaire. During his imprisonment, 75% of his wealth was confiscated, and after his release Allied authorities forced him to sell the remainder of his coal interests. At first this seemed a bitter blow, but when the coal industry hit a depression in 1958 Flick turned out to be set with plenty of cash. With an unerring sixth sense for economic trends, he resisted advice to concentrate all he had in steel, decided that most growth would be in autos, chemicals and paper, and set out to pyramid his holdings in each field. He bought 40% control of prestigious Daimler-Benz (Mercedes) to form a solid auto base, got a small car to sell by adding the struggling Auto Union. In an age of business managers, Flick is still an imperious and self-confident tycoon. "One must have an eye for how much a plant is worth," he says. "I fancy myself as having this eye, because I know how a plant works."

Strong Advice. At 80, Flick still has a ramrod-straight back. Virtually his only relaxation is strolling alone, head



FOUNDER FRIEDRICH
Up from prison.

down, through the vast park surrounding Haus Hobeck, his spacious 15-room villa near Düsseldorf. On the job he avoids all small talk, turns out a prodigious amount of work each day at the 100-man headquarters of his holding company on two rented floors in Düsseldorf. He is frequently on the phone to such key managers as Walter Hitzinger of Daimler-Benz, constantly amazes them with his grasp of intricate details.

The uncompromising Flick never gives direct orders, but his managers have learned that any "advice" he gives is as good as an order. His oldest son, Otto-Ernst, 47, made the mistake recently of questioning the old man's judgment, started a court battle to change the way in which Flick had decided to dispense his wealth after his death. Beaten in court, Otto-Ernst no longer has any connection with his unforgiving father's industrial combine. His more obedient younger brother, Friedrich-Karl, 36, is now the heir apparent.



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Sick SAC

A Gathering of Eagles. The Strategic Air Command is magnificent matter for an epic film, for a *Lawrence* of the wild blue yonder. But the only previous picture on the subject, 1955's *Strategic Air Command*, was just a big, slick, did-you-ever-see-such-a-crazy-tractor romance in which Jimmy Stewart fell in love with a \$3,000,000 airplane and took off

spectator sees the inside of a SAC command post, and he briefly watches it work. He also sees the great B-52s, each one almost the size of a football field, form in vast flights and flash through the central blue like an armada of aluminum archangels. Clearly the nation's defenses are founded on something far more solid than a Rock.

Half Laugh

The *Nutty Professor* is half a funny movie. As long as Jerry Lewis is minding his myopic business as Professor Kelp, an earnest idiot of a chemistry teacher, the laughs bubble up like soda dumped into acid. But Lewis never knows when to stop fiddling with the formula, and suddenly the comedy blows up in his face.

Professor is a manic switcheroo on the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde theme. Kelp, with his chipmunk teeth, soup-bowl haircut, horn-rimmed half glasses and Neanderthal lope, is fed up with himself. One night in his laboratory he stirs up and quaffs a concoction that will make him strong, handsome and irresistible to women—for what woman could resist a sun-lamp tan, a Shinola coiffure, a high-roll shirt collar, and an electric blue suit with black lapels? Thus decked out, God's gift to coeds invades the Purple Pit (a Paramount updating of the old campus hangout) to dazzle the denizens. He bullies some fullbacks, sings some songs in a Jerry-built baritone, and tells the chicks to call him Buddy Love. All this is too much for Student Stella Stevens, and off they go to a parking spot in Beverly Hills. But Lewis begins to feel the effects of his potion wearing off, and...

Lewis as Kelp is a nimble simpleton. In *Professor's* nuttiest sight gag, somebody tosses him a pair of bar bells so ponderous that his arms get stretched to floor-length; that night in bed, when his sock-clad feet poke out of the bottom of the covers, a pair of hands reaches out alongside to give them a sleepy scratch. But Lewis as the alter-ego manic Buddy Love is a maudlin letdown. Starlet Stevens best sums up the trouble: "Just being one person is more than enough for any human being to handle."

Bed & Beard, International

Greenwich Village Story is about Brian and Genie, who live together in a borrowed loft. They are painfully in love and hopelessly beat. Brian is writing a book called *Get Ready to Crawl*. "I don't care who reads it," says Brian. "I just care what it says." Genie is a dancer. She practices on the roof with a plastic geranium for inspiration.

Brian and Genie live a life crammed with riots ("Hey—you kids coming over to the Square for the fallout protest?"), romance ("So who gets married?") and rationalization ("People



ROCK HUDSON
Fly, fly, fly.

for Cloud Nine. Now Hollywood has, in effect, remade the movie with glittering new hardware (B-52s instead of B-47s) and a dull old theme: "Will SACeess spoil Rock Hudson?"

Rock is an Air Force colonel assigned to command a SAC Wing that has just flunked its Operational Readiness Inspection. His job is to make the Wing straighten up and fly right, and he works brutally hard at the job—with the inevitable domestic complications. His wife (Mary Peach), who feels with some reason that her fuselage is more interesting than a B-52's, chews him out for spending too much time in the SAC. She may or may not be right, but from that point forward the script consistently suggests that the men who hold the front line of the free world's defenses aren't half as scared of the Russians as they are of the little woman.

Rock's little woman soon has him flying in circles. When he cashiers his base commander (Barry Sullivan) for slapping too much sauce, she denounces Rock as a martini-counting martinet. And when he fires his best friend (Rod Taylor) for "winning friends and losing efficiency," she indignantly decides to fly home to mother. Rock faces the climactic question: Can a man have marriage and a career besides?

What's more important: Is SAC really all that sick? The film provides impressive evidence to the contrary. The

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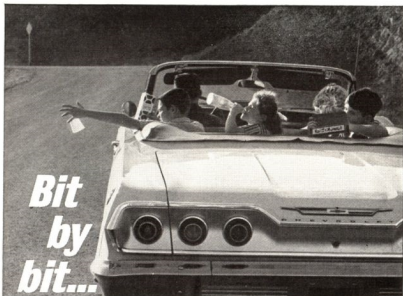
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call us beatniks, I suppose we do look wild.”). For kicks there are marijuana orgies, round-robin poetry readings, coffeehouse-hopping. And lots of why, why, why.

According to Writer-Producer-Director Jack O'Connell, many scenes were shot right on the streets of Manhattan's Greenwich Village, “the lines being recorded by small microphones hung around the actors' necks, the wires trailing from their pants cuffs.” If the dialogue is strictly trailing from pants cuffs, the photography by Baird Bryant is often poetic, and even the acting is haltingly expressive so long as the actors keep their mouths shut. Somebody might salvage the whole project by dubbing it into French, blocking in a set of sophisticated subtitles, sending it to Cannes and smuggling it back under the title of *Brian et Genie*.

Run with the Devil is about bohemians—Italian style. Their credo is: when in Rome, do as the Villagers do. But the painters and their girl friends who live in the Via Margutta are mentally a lot healthier than their MacDougal Street counterparts: they know their limitations. Says one: “In five years, not one of us has become a good painter.”

One of them almost does. He leaves the Via Margutta with his girl friend Donata, and the next thing his old pals know, he has a one-man show at a fancy gallery. Says a crony: “I'm pleased for Donata—she's had a hard time, but at last she's found the right bed.” But Donata's bed turns out to be the wrong one. When their friends throw a celebration for them in the old neighborhood, the truth comes out with the wine: the artist's show has been paid for secretly by a middle-aged antique dealer who had taken a fancy to him. And it was the dealer who had bought all the paintings.

Although the bed-and-beard similarities are inescapable, *Run with the Devil* is a more ambitious and professional undertaking than *Greenwich Village Story*. But perhaps to Romans it seems just as silly and unreal.



BRIAN & GENIE
Why, why, why.



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BOOKS

Midsummer Night's Waking

NIGHT AND SILENCE WHO IS HERE?
by Pamela Hansford Johnson. 246 pages.
Scribner, \$4.50.

Cobb College is a rich New Hampshire institution, well stocked with preposterous pedants, campus lags, academic racketeers and addled eggheads. As such, it is the latest member of the poison ivy league founded by Mary McCarthy (*Groves of Academe*), Vladimir Nabokov (*Invitation to a Beheading*) and Randall Jarrell (*Pictures from an Institution*). It may or may not be patterned on Wesleyan University's Institute of Advanced Studies, where Novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson spent some time with her

women only socially ("He never much liked their shape"), Pryar has sidled into the academic racket as the world's only authority on the world's worst poet, a gruesome Australian mother of seven named Dorothy Merlin. How can he be released from servitude to this distant meragant and become director of the Institute of Visiting Fellows? This is the question the plot turns on, and it looks like a Snow family specialty—academic power politics. However, all the characters at Cobb behave even more oddly than called for by the requirements of campus comedy.

Who Is Bottom? A clue to Novelist Johnson's intentions is the title, which is given in the epigraph as from M.N.D., Act II. If the clue is followed up, it will be found that Pryar and all the characters at Cobb comprise the cast of a *Midsummer Night's Dream* in modern academic dress with Cobb's Boosie House as Theseus' Palace and the New Hampshire forests as "a wood near Athens." In fact, *Night and Silence* is not only a novel that can be read with pleasure as such, but an ingenious literary game in which the characters are given an extra dimension by association with their Shakespearean counterparts.

The game is not easy. *Midsummer Night's Dream* itself, being an English fairy story within Greek mythology and a play within a play within a play, is complicated enough. Add a novel, and the result is likely to murder many a midsummer night's sleep. Who is Bottom? (Emily Dickinson's man?) Who is Puck-Robin Goodfellow? (Surely, as the name suggests, Dr. Herman Wohlgenutt, professor of mathematics?) Then the novelist has fashionably provided her nonhero, Pryar-Lysander, with ambiguous sex but pretty much turned the genes of everybody else Bottom side up. Who are the fairies in this *Midsummer Night's Dream* and who are merely pixilated? The women are heroes to a man. But, as in the Shakespearean play, every Jack in the novel has his Jill. And the hero Pryar is saved for solvency and heterosexual activity by a fairy princess, the richest woman in the U.S. waving that modern magic wand—a checkbook. Shakespeare to one side, there has been nothing like the mind-boggling sex-swapping and role-shuffling in *Night and Silence* since Nigel Dennis' *Cards of Identity*.

Only Bubbles. Unhappily the solution to this Double-Crostic of a novel does not spell out, as with Shakespeare, "Magic is the Lord of All these Revels," but a lesser truth: Pamela Hansford Johnson is a Very Clever Woman.

On a more realistic level, Miss Johnson fares only slightly better than most British comedians working with American speech, which can totally elude a master of English like Evelyn Waugh. "You're the most," for one example, is outdated—probably by the length of

time it took Miss Johnson, a careful researcher, to get it authenticated. Also, those who deplore the gap between the scientific and literary cultures will point out that it is not chlorination that makes the water foam from some American faucets: it is a patent device that forces atmospheric bubbles into the more or less pure H₂O.

Placid, Proper—and Pheasant

MRS. G.B.S., A PORTRAIT by Janet Dunbar. 303 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

She, at 41, was neither pretty nor witty, though unmistakably a virgin. He, at 42, was both wag and scalawag, who saw to it that his supposedly torrid love life was the talk of literary London. She was rich and a lady, and loathed the limelight. He was a Socialist and no

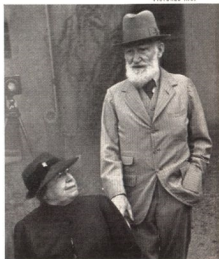


C. P. SNOW & PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON
A key for the Double-Crostic.

husband Sir Charles Snow as visiting British fellows.

Not surprisingly, her hero, Matthew Pryar (Eton and Oxford), contributes some British one-upmanship to the stock drama of poet and pedant. He finds that all is alien corn on the Cobb campus, is daunted to learn that the faculty does not drink and dines on unsipped food at 6:30 p.m. Pryar is one among seven visiting fellows. Each of them is a distinguished specialist in some recondite field, or rather is a monomaniac locked inside an ever-narrowing preoccupation—Andean Spolius, patristic hagiography among the Slavs, Emily Dickinson or whatever. These learned freaks (the Slavonic specialist is a midget female dipsomaniac; the spider man talks like a Pennsylvania Dutch commercial; the Emily Dickinson man has discovered from the lady poet's "image clusters" that she was a secret drunk, etc.) offer good clean fun to the middlebrow.

Pryar himself, fashionably enough, is a nonhero. A man-about-town who knows writers rather than writing, and



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW & MRS. G.B.S.
A fly for the spider.

gentleman, and feasted on celebrity. It seemed on all counts an improbable match; yet by Shavian standards it had a certain compelling illogic. As it turned out, the marriage of George Bernard Shaw and Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend lasted 45 years and was, by any measure, a fairly successful one.

Shaw, who was on the brink of fame as a playwright when they married in 1898, had already forsworn meat and liquor; after their marriage, he claimed, he also gave up sex. He had remained a virgin until he was 29 and even thereafter, said one disenchanted lady, "seemed to have no wish for and even to fear passion." Charlotte, for her part, had had a series of platonic love affairs, but invariably backed away when her suitors pressed too closely. She was deeply stirred by only three men in her life, and all three were extravagant egotists who demanded affection from women that they could not wholly reciprocate: Axel Munthe, the brilliant, posturing Swedish physician and author (*The Story of San Michele*), with whom

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Charlotte had an unhappy, unconsummated affair in Rome; T. E. Lawrence, to whom she poured out her secrets when she was an old woman; and Shaw.

"**Green-Eyed Millionaire.**" They met at a Fabian Society gathering, and though Charlotte was well-bred and well-read, it was her wealth that seem to have piqued Shaw's imagination. G.B.S., who always took pains to keep each of his old "enchanted" in-formed of every new conquest, was soon taunting Ellen Terry with his "green-eyed Irish millionairess." "I think I could prevail on her," he wrote the actress, "and then I shall have ever so many hundreds a month for nothing. Would you ever in your secret soul forgive me?" Though he was bombarding Charlotte with passionate prose at the time, he described her to his actress friend with clinical objectivity as "a ladylike person at whom nobody would ever look twice. . . . Perfectly placid and proper and pleasant."

Shaw could be even more malicious to "the terrible Charlotte" herself. In an unsolicited bit of analysis, he once wrote her that she was "the lie-in-wait, the soul hypochondriac, always watching and dragging me into bondage, hating me and longing for me with the absorbing passion of the spider for the fly." There was neither close intellectual camaraderie nor sexual passion between them. But once they were married, Shaw grew to depend heavily on her protective, intelligent presence. A gifted hostess, Charlotte became as well an acute, sympathetic critic of her husband's work and even helped suggest to him the themes of several successful plays. In scrapbook and ledger, she kept close tally of Shaw's growing fame and fortune, and went so far as to answer the love letters he continued to receive from impassioned female admirers.

"Sweep Up Your Missus." She was never "an appendage, this green-eyed one," admitted Shaw. She dragged him, coldly protesting, on endless travels to far-off places, where he was invariably miserable. When they had been married a dozen years, G.B.S. had a rip-roaring affair—on paper, at least—with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, making scant attempt to hide his infatuation from Charlotte's "sensitive person." (For once, he spared his wife the embarrassment of handling his love letters.)

There is much about the Shaws' relationship that will never be known, though English Authoress Janet Dunbar's sympathetic biography tells a great deal about the little-appreciated Mrs. G.B.S. Perhaps to avoid the temptation to take Shaw too seriously, she does not mention what is surely one of the most intriguing epitaphs ever composed by a bereaved husband. Disapproving of "sympathies, regrets, condolences" after Charlotte's death, G.B.S. told, instead, the story of an Indian prince's favorite wife. "When banquetting with him," wrote G.B.S., "she caught fire and was burned to ashes be-



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fore she could be extinguished. The prince took in the situation at once. "Sweep up your missus," he said to his weeping staff, "and bring in the roast pheasant." Shaw, whose pheasant consisted of a \$600,000 trust fund from his wife, went so far as to say that he could never have been married to anyone else. Who else, for that matter, could have stayed married for 45 years to G.B.S.?



ALBERT CAMUS

Too much love for despair.

The Individual

NOTEBOOKS 1935-1942 by Albert Camus. 224 pages. Knopf. \$5.

Albert Camus was briefly a Communist; later he was considered to be a disciple of Jean Paul Sartre's despairing existentialism. In fact, Camus was an individual who all his life pursued his own hard and lonely path to the truth. He recoiled both from Communism's dictation of how man should behave and from the nihilistic insistence that it did not matter how man behaved. He clung to a faith in the individual man, seeking a formula through which a man could live happily within his tragic limitations without surrendering either to collectivism or to despair.

All of Camus' life was devoted to this quest, and it was still not ended when he died in a car crash at 46. In these notebooks (the first of three volumes to be published), Camus recorded his early speculating, tentative theories and spontaneous observations. Like notes found scattered along a trail, they not only indicate his destination but also why he chose it. This volume covers his youth in his native Algeria, summer's sojourn in Europe, and the first somber years in occupied Paris.

Back to the Body. Like many another young intellectual, Camus was fascinated by the all-or-nothing philosophy of Nietzsche, the notion that

"since God is dead," life is devoid of meaning. Camus agreed that God is dead, but he rejected the corollary. He too much loved the passing moment, the play of sunlight, the delights of the body, to surrender them to philosophical principle. In fact, he loved life with a fervor that is even more apparent in his notebooks than in his formal writings. "Every year the young girls come into flower on the beaches," he wrote with characteristic sweetness about Oran. "They have only one season. The following year, they are replaced by other flower-like faces, which, the previous season, still belonged to little girls. For the man who looks at them, they are yearly waves whose weight and splendor break into foam over the yellow beach."

Sartre argued that life is basically absurd, because man knows he must die. No one had a sharper sense of death than Camus, who suffered intermittently from tuberculosis, and he loathed nothing more: "Impossible to exaggerate the ridiculous quality of an event that is normally accompanied by sweating and gurgling. It could not be too far demoted from the sacred status normally attributed to it." But instead of driving him to despair, Camus' awareness of death made him love the life he had even more intensely. He had occasional longings for the permanent and eternal: "Beauty is unbearable . . . offering us for a minute the glimpse of an eternity that we should like to stretch over the whole of time." But he always came back to earth. "The body, a true path to culture, teaches us where our limits lie," he wrote with finality.

The Right to Contempt. When Camus dropped out of the Communist Party after a couple of years' membership in his early 20s, it was because he was repelled by all forms of absolutism. There was already stirring in him the great attack he would mount in *The Rebel* on Marxism, Communism, Hegelianism and all systems where the ends justify the means, where present-day cruelties are excused as part of an infinite plan. And he never could share the Marxist view that poverty was the ultimate evil, even though he was poor himself. He felt that a true love of life depended on giving up material goods. In the first entry in his notebooks, he wrote: "For rich people, the sky is just an extra, a gift of nature. The poor, on the other hand, can see it as it really is: an infinite grace."

For all his sense of the limits of life, Camus never advocated an Epicurean withdrawal. He believed that all of life should be savored, the bitter with the sweet. These early notebooks tell nothing of Camus' heroic service in the Resistance; they say surprisingly little about the war. But Camus does make clear in them his reasons for joining the Resistance: "There is nothing less excusable than war and the appeal to national hatreds. But once war has come, it is both cowardly and useless to try to stand on one side under the

pretext that one is not responsible. It is both impossible and immoral to judge an event from outside. One keeps the right to hold this absurd misfortune in contempt only by remaining inside it."

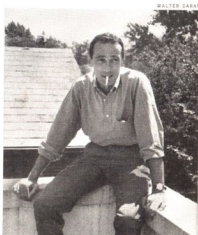
How Not to Succeed

THE BOSS IS CRAZY, TOO by Mell Lazarus. 282 pages. Dial. \$4.50.

A book, a Broadway musical, a movie. Authors die broke pursuing this three-way parlay, but Mell Lazarus seems headed for it with his first novel. It is already sold to Producer David Merrick (*Oliver!*) in New York, and three major studios have already made offers. Or rather, what Lazarus has sold is not a novel but a plot gimmick with grand comic possibilities.

Take the crooked, sadistic president of a trashy magazine publishing firm. Give him as fall guy one Carson Hemple, honest, hardworking, supremely naive art director in charge of the comic-book division. Have them conspire to drive their firm into bankruptcy to conceal a fraud by the president of the company. Result: a reverse twist to be titled "How to Fail in Business by Trying Very Hard."

Carson Hemple does try hard. To burn up \$135,000 of working capital,



MELL LAZARUS

Are funeral parlors funny?

this innocent painfully masters and practices the work slowdown, expense-record padding, kickbacks and complicated carelessness that his office colleagues have always found entirely natural. Along the way are funny vignettes, like the brain-storming session to think up sure-fire ideas for new comic books; or the meeting that drives off a potential backer, an aged philanthropist devoted to support of mass culture.

In real life Author Lazarus writes and draws the comic strip *Miss Peach*, a pleasant series aimed at grownups in which cartoon kids utter mild whimsies and occasional home truths. In his novel Lazarus becomes massively juvenile, insists on the wild hilarity of pigeon droppings and funeral parlors. No? Just wait for the movie.



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Seagram's Extra Dry: the gin no party can be without—Summer or Winter.



So should the drinks.

ORANGE BLOSSOM COCKTAIL: Shake hard: 1 jigger Seagram's Gin, 1 jigger orange juice (fresh, if possible), cracked ice. Strain, serve, savor.

TOM COLLINS: Try summer's greatest thirst quencher.

GIN JULEP: Strip leaves from 3-4 sprigs fresh mint and crush in small glass with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar and 2 oz. Seagram's Gin. Strain into tall glass or silver tumbler with cracked ice. Fill to the top with chilled pineapple juice. Stir. Delicious!

MARTINI ON-THE-ROCKS: A great summer version of a winter classic.